FAMOUS
AUGUST 1961

MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

No. 13
50¢

BEST ISSUE EVER!

100 PAGES!



COLLECTOR'S
13th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

FAMOUS MONSTERS 130

Twelve times before our clock has chimed. Sometimes a cuckoo has come forth to announce an hour of mirth, sometimes a bat has emerged to tell of a horror worth its wait in time machines.

Old Father Time has been kind to FAMOUS MONSTERS and so we in turn are being kind to you.

You have already noted our extra thickness, now examine the surprises on those additional pages! The Phantom Unmasked! Our first Serious Quiz! The Guide to Hi-Lites of our First 12 Issues! The feature for Edgar Rice Burroughs' legion of fans! Something to consider by Robert Bloch!

When the clock struck 1, FAMOUS MONSTERS was born.

When it struck 2, we knew we were here to stay.

When it struck 3, we brought you a new kind of cover—the first close-up in color of Lon Chaney as The Phantom of the Opera.

Stroke 4 brought forth Albert Nuetzell with the first of his cover series, his impression of the Martian from WAR OF THE WORLDS.

Stroke 5: the magnificent rendition of Bela Lugosi is the leader of the evolved manimals on Dr. Moreau's ISLAND OF LOST SOULS.

Stroke 6: KING KONG! His portrait, the story of his life.

Stroke 7: the Midnite Snack man, the chef with the specialty of Vulture Stew—terrorvision's top host, Zacherley!

Stroke 8: the unfortgettable biography of the greatest Janusophile of them all—the Man of 1000 Faces—Lon Chaney!

Stroke 9: Poe, Price and new portrait painter destined to become an instant favorite—Boris Gogos.

Stroke 10: Well, strokes 10, 11 & 12 are so recent that they are no doubt still echoing in the minds of most of our readers. The point is,

WE ORIGINATE, OTHERS IMITATE

CLOCK

FAMOUS MONSTERS has rung a bell all around the world . . . Wraithio Station DRAC, the Voice of Terror, has proven to be the ravelength of thousands of Trans(sylvan)istor fans . . . Imitators have come & gone.

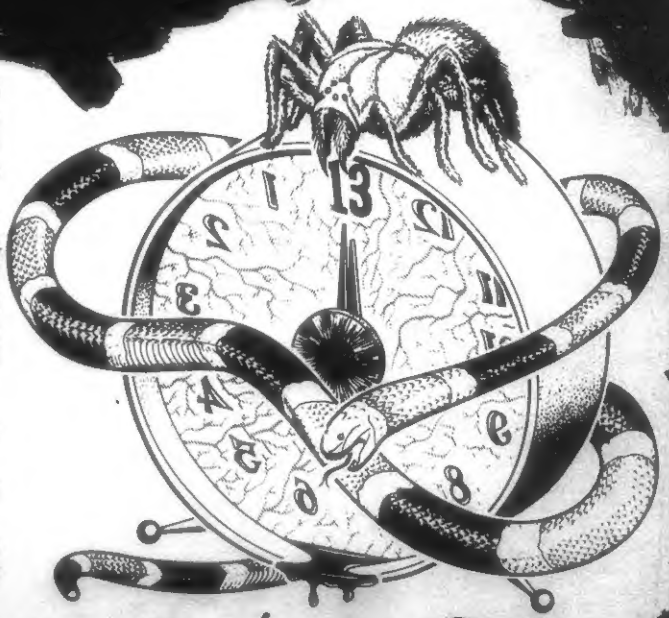
Here we are, the First, the Original, the ONLY Monster Magazine in the World EVER to offer ONE HUNDRED PAGES. We're proud of the crowd of loyal readers and ever-increasing readership that has made FAMOUS MONSTERS the phenomenon of the magazine industry and such a clockeyed success story.

This is our last Editorial.

From now on, FAMOUS MONSTERS speaks for itself.

Thanks for your support and a BIG HAND to all of you.

FORREST J ACKERMAN, Editor
JAMES WARREN, Publisher



FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

AUGUST 1961

VOL. 3, No. 4



MR. MONSTER RELAXES. At 13 o'clock the Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS takes time out for a cup of tang.

FORREST J ACKERMAN
editor & writer

HARRY CHESTER
production

JAMES WARREN
founder & publisher

JACIE ASTRACHAN
Managing Editor

RON HAYDOCK
Special Material

BOB BURNS
Special Photography

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(6)

FANG MAIL

Letters with teeth in them, for toothless editors from Toothful Fans



(8)

SHOP OF THINGS TO COME

Stop 'n' Shop here if you plan to spend the summer in (sc) air-conditioned theaters!

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PREVIEW!

The monster-packed ST. GEORGE AND THE 7 CURSES.



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Burroughs' Apeman and the Menace of the Screen Monsters.



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Cross Pouch vs. Author of THE COUCH.



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Little Monster meets the Acker monster!





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A Thinking Fan's Review of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.



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HORROR'S HOTTEST NEW COMER

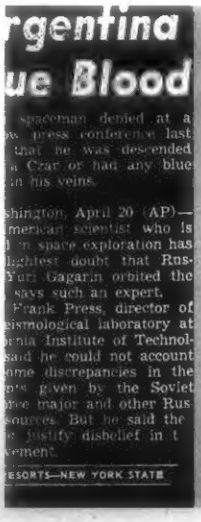
Face-to-face (?) with newest "comer" in the Monster race.



70

THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD

The Monster Unmasked! Conclusion of Campbell's Creepy Classic!



78

GRAVE-YARD EXAMINER

Ron Haydock conducts Dept. for Monster Club Members.



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MONSTER MAIL ORDER



REWARDS this issue to SEDGE CLARK of Muncie, Ind.; GEO. E. TURNER of Amarillo, Tex.; and EDDIE CHRISTOFFERSEN of Olympia, Wash.; for their outstanding cooperation in helping make this a more interesting & valuable magazine for you all. As prizes we are pleased to send each of them a copy of the amazing Souvenir Program Book from the fantastic Japanese spectacle THE THREE TREASURES.

STEEL YOURSELF!

I was beginning to think my old schoolmate Maharba Merritt had vanished behind the Iron Curtain till I saw his welcome article on us robots in issue No. 12. I'll never forget the time he came to the High School Masquerade Ball, incognito as a magneto. I always used to get a charge out of old Maharba; glad to see his battery hasn't run down.

MITCH EVANS
HOLLYMETAL, CALIF.

MAN WITH IRON CONSTITUTION



● Mitch has a magnetic personality. He has only to walk into a room and immediately attention is rivetted on his face.

CLARK THE SUPERFAN

Following is a review of your first 11 issues: No. 1—Fine! Good pictures, good poses. No. 2—Liked "Ghost Hosts" a lot. No. 3—Best cover to date, worst issue. "The Little Monster" was OK but remember your title—Famous Monsters of Filmland. Real good addition was You Axed For It. No. 4—Mummy article great; not too much humor, good facts about the films and good pictures. No. 5—"Blacky Lagoon" article and "Return of the Fly" review, including the pictures, were great but I think you could have reviewed a better movie than "The Alligator People." The Gizzard of Oz was funny but took up too much space. No. 6—Whenever you write a review of a great movie like KING KONG you should stick to your facts and have no humor—even if you have WCFields writing for you. I figure that would be a very hard chore because Mr. Fields is dead. Your article on M. T. Graves was the right size. No. 7—DR. CYCLOPS was the best article to date; no cheap humor. No. 8—I can't praise Editor Ackerman enough for the marvelous job on the Lon Chaney Sr. Memorial. I especially appreciated your listing all the m[illegible] he made. Good review on "13 Ghosts." No. 9—V.g. pix & article on PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Best all-around issue yet. No. 10—The Son of Mad Labs was simply horrible! The writing was terrible **(and I'm giving this reader a PRESENT for expressing such an opinion? I should have my HEADS examined!—FJA)** and so were the pictures. Bloch's optimistic view of important horror movies much enjoyed. No. 11—JEKYLL & HYDE review best; GORGO, Poe article and Chaney Jr. story all good. Keep up the GOOD WORK.

SEDGE CLARK
MUNCIE, IND.

JUST BETWEEN OUR SHELVES

Heck with the nearsighters and hope the magazine will become a weekly instead of bimonthly. As far as I can see it is a periodical in good taste and follows no "Sex" inclinations. Thanks again for a mag which can be put on the newsstands' lower shelves in reach of all our teenagers.

BUSTER E. HUNT
FENWICK, W. VA.

CALLING ALL CABINET MEMBERS

I appeal to your monster experts to help me find a great story I've been searching for for almost 3 years. Our city, a few years ago, had a rash of silent films. My husband and I saw THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA with Lon Chaney Sr. and on the same program was a real old spooky thing called THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI. It seems it was all about a somnambulist who had a weird master, an old guy with a streak of white in his hair who had this sleepwalker go around killing every body. And then all of a sudden everyone is in the insane asylum and the creep with the streak in his hair is the "head doctor" and all the other characters are the inmates. Being an old film and silent I couldn't get the gist of the story but what a weird shocker! I appeal to you experts: how about some aid? This would be a great tale for a future issue. And some pics of the old movie. Can you help me out? **(We may be able to track down a Henry Kuttner review for you.)** When we have company to our house we all sit around engrossed in your mag. My son, 20 months old, even chills to your cover pics.

LINDA SCHILLO
CLEVELAND, O.

"I'M A BEASTNIK"

I love monster books. I've been wishing that you'd have about a page of offers for purchasing monster books. I guess the best I've read so far is "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" from Modern Library. In our Monster League of America I'm known as a werewolf. When will the "Beasts" of Tarzan be in FM? **(In this issue if Ron Haydock, its author, finished it in time; otherwise, in our next number.)** Something a lot of us monsters would like, I think, would be an article on the monster TV shows like Twilight Zone, One Step Beyond, and others. How about it? **(Excellent suggestion, which will be followed up.)** The Weird & Wonderful Pictures of Edgar Allan Poe was quite good and I wonder if you could do the same for HGWells, Jules Verne & Robert Louis Stevenson. **(How about that, Gio Scognamillo?)** I always enjoyed Readers Die-Jest—could you bring that back? **(If enuf readers contribute funny sayings.)**

DALE HAHN
MAHTOMEDI, MINN.

PRIZE WINNER

● EDDIE CHRISTOFFERSEN of Olympia, Wash., sent us 2 letters totaling nearly 2000 words. Among other things he wants to see a feature on Monster Mutants and the complete story of IT!—THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE. He just may get his wish about the latter story as we are contacting our friend Jerome Bixby, scripter of the picture, to see if he would have time to turn it into fiction form for our companion filmagazine, SPACEMEN. Eddie pleads for "more

constructive criticism, less sick jokes." He says in 1956 he thot up an idea called "The Teenage Werewolf"—In 1958 American-International came out with I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF! For the past 5 years he has secretly been working on plots for monster pictures and out of over 200 thots has now refined them down to 63. He would like more coverage on Japanese fantasies. He regards it as a sign of progress that humor is gradually disappearing from our pages. He would like to see more good movie advertisements. He concludes: "FAMOUS MONSTERS is the greatest magazine—monster or otherwise—in the world. The world needs a completely moral magazine and FM is it." And here's a foto of

PRIZE WINNER EDDIE CHRISTOFFERSEN



BLOCH BUSTER

I would like to disagree with some and agree with other things in Robert Bloch's "Menace, Anyone?" But first I would like to say that Mr. Bloch is a very fine author and an excellent authority on this subject. Disagreements first: No. 1—Quote, "All too many are 'gimmick' movies where the horror element serves as a foil for questionable comedy." I think we need this type of comedy. Everyone needs to be able to laff at his fears. I remember when I first saw ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Up until that time whenever I saw a horror movie I was afraid for weeks afterwards. But after seeing this movie make fun of all the things I had been afraid of, I lost my fears. I still retain the ability to enjoy and be scared by them but above all I was able to leave my fears in the theater when I left. No. 2—"All too many of them are merely horror pictures in so-called science fiction disguise, e.g., WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE." There was no creature in this movie such as he called attention to in his following paragraph. In my opinion this is a science fiction movie and to use his own words "was honest in intent." To me it shows what this world would do, in all probability, if such a situation should arise. **(The story of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE is told in our July 1961 SPACEMEN.)** Now the agreeable: His interpretation of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was in perfect agreement with mine except I thot it was one of the best sci-fi movies I have ever seen. I also agree completely with his paragraph on the fantasy-horror films. **(Article in question was featured in our 10th issue.)** My oldest son (age 5) loves Shock Theater on TV. At first I was afraid it would cause him to have nitemares so I asked him, "Does that scare you?" He replied, "Of course not, Mommy, I know the monsters can't get out of the TV. Besides, they always get put away at the end!"

BOBBIE JO HEFNER
HICKORY, N. CAR.

"MAKE MINE MODERN"

With all the people criticizing the current batch of monster films and referring back to the "good old films with good old plots," I thot it was time for someone to defend today's films. The movies change with the times, you know, and now that it's the Space Age the horror trend leans toward the "invasion from Mars" type films instead of yesteryear's human vampire or lumbering Frankenstein monster. I'm a genuine monster lover and would much rather see THE BLACK SCORPION or WAR OF THE WORLDS (2 films I considered excellent) than DRACULA or THE MUMMY, films without much monsterism. Also, I would like to see an article on the insect monsters in films, such as THE FLY, TARANTULA, THEM!, THE DEADLY MANTIS, etc. Would such an article be possible? **(Yes.)** Your mag is the only thing that makes my hair stand on end, chills run up my spine and my eyes become bloodshot. **(Sounds like you had Vespertina's Virus.)**

OWEN ESHENRODER
BATON ROUGE, LA.

A RAVE FROM THE CAVE

Love your magazine! I have been telling everybody about it and half the kids in school have copies now. **(Copies? We would rather they had the real thing. The real THING, that is.)** I and my girl friend did a pantomime to Drac & Vampira on the Spike Jones Spooktacular record and the gang at school got a bang out of it and it went over real good with the teachers too.

GAYLORD GUNVALDSON
YAKIMA, WASH.

DIG THAT SPAGHETTI HAIRDO



WHAT D'YA HEAR FROM THE MOP?

LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT

I love FM more than any other magazine produced and I sincerely hope from the bottom of my black heart that you will keep up the bad work. I've got all issues up to No. 11, which I think has the best cover you've ever had. I take my hat off to Basil Gogos or take my head off, whichever you prefer. I have tried every

"AND HE LOOKS LIKE SUCH A NICE BOY"



monster magazine but they can't compare with yours. I have always loved monsters and horror since I was 3 years old and I am 14 now. I have a small library in my own room with nothing but science fiction, horror and monster books in it. Horror and monsters are my hobby. I am going to college and take acting so that when I grow up I will try with everything to make my mark on the screen like all the other all-time greats. I am writing a book called "Fantastic Tales of Horror" with stories about monsters and things and it would warm my cold heart if the Editor and Publisher of FM would get one if possible to keep. **(You may depend upon it, Teddy.—F&J)** You will hear from me many more times and in the future I will send you pictures of me in different monster makeups. I have seen in my life close to 1500 monster pictures. **(That's too close for comfort! —FJA)**

TEDDY REVES
(ADDRESS UNKNOWN)

CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS

I have read every issue since the first and No. 1, 2, 4, 10 & 11 were the most entertaining in any number of ways: filled with little known data and rare material which could aid the horror scholar, and a wealth of pictures to give some idea of movies which can no longer readily be seen. I certainly enjoyed Publisher Warren's reply to Sidney H. Brown. I felt that it was wholly sincere. You speak of FM's readers being teenagers. But remember, everyone grows up. Keep the humor, but not so broadly spread; each issue, inch a little out, until just enough is left. We'll grow up with you. —Do you accept manuscripts by other than "name" writers?

ETHAN BRAHMS
TALLAHA, TEX.

● **Any provocative, informative, different article of professional calibre that we have room to print we will be happy to publish. We hope to discover & introduce new names of the future.**

If your claws are itching to write us, scratch out a letter and mail it to—
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
FAMOUS MONSTERS
1426 E. Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

THE SHOP OF THINGS

Once Upon A Time (like now) there IS a Shottle Bop. It is a Shop that sells Bottles with THINGS in them. Among these Things is a Crystal Ball that Reveals All About the Future of Fearsome Frightening Fantastic Farout Films. A Mind-Croggling Array of Mysterious Movies can be yours on Easy Time Payments. All you have to pay is Attention and wait a little Time till these Prize Packages are, as they say in the Studios, "wrapped up". So, for Celluloid Chills & Thrills, just step into the — Bargain Basement!

TO COME

a 30-ring circus!

Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling Bros. just weren't in it with THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO. The Greatest Show Unearthly! Lions, Tigers, Scorpions, Rattlesnakes, Bats, Salamanders, Octopi, Gila Monsters—these are *nothing* beside the curious creatures



Don't Let This Happen to You! The horrible result of eating too many marshmallows on a hot day. THE CYCLOPS, as played by Hairy Chester.



Bela Lugosi disintegrates before your eyes in RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE.

that crowd the cages and tents of Dr. Lao.

A roc!

A satyr!

A sphinx!

A unicorn!

A werewolf!

A sea serpent!

The Hound of the Hedges!

And the Beast of the Apocalypse!

All these—and many more—are included in the fantasticlassic by Charles G. Finney.

"When the Circus of Dr. Lao opened, the local inhabitants, puzzled by the preliminary parade and its unidentifiable faunae, came to satisfy their curiosity, and were startled and incredulous before an exhibition including a chimera, a medusa and other creatures of the underworld of mythology."

And who plans to bring this ambitious, bizarre work to the screen? I learned it from a phone call: "Forry, I have never been so excited about a project. I have worked out 50 pages of preliminary notes on it." It was the voice of the man who time & again has walked off with Technical Oscars, whose budget for his next fantasy (in Cinerama) is $10 million, who made worlds collide and HGWells' machine travel in time. It was the voice of George Pal.

life to the dead

ALAN DODD, our English Correspondent, reviews DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN, a British corpuscle-curdler soon to show in the United States:

Peter Blood (Kieron Moore) is a young bio-chemist who, returning from a mysteriously interrupted medical experimentation course in Vienna, performs unusual operations in a hidden laboratory in the twisting tunnels of the old disused mines of a small Cornish village. By *cutting the hearts from living bodies* and inserting them in recently deceased scientists and statesmen, Dr. Blood hopes these men may live again and continue to contribute to the welfare of mankind. What, he feels, is the death of some useless dreg of society against the prolonged life of some highly valuable citizen? Small sacrifice.

And so, at dead of nite a solitary figure stalks the tiny town in Cornwall, armed with chloroform bottle and deadly curare poison to paralyze the bodies of unfortunate victims who watch helplessly as their own



We believe the new United Artists release THE SPLIT has the distinction of being the First Film ever to feature a human being (or sorts) with two heads. Unless YOU know of another???



Cave Women & Men blend with Mutant Men in an Unhappy World of Horror in WORLD WITHOUT END, the Miserable World that could come to be thru World War 3.

hearts are removed from their rib-cages.

Corpses in the mortuary disappear. Living men are subjected to a living death. And the surgeon's scalpel runs red with blood.

Peter falls in love with his father's nurse. When she spurns him, his mind slips and he plans a terrible vengeance: he will revive her long dead husband!

In the film's gruesome climax, the creature from the grave reaches out skeletal hands toward its widow. She recoils in horror from this living corpse with its face ravaged by decay, its clothing rotting away.

The undead thing turns on Peter, who has brought it back to a horrible mockery of life. Its fleshless arm breaks his neck. In the death struggle bottles of chemicals are smashed, the laboratory catches fire and ghoul and madman are consumed in the flames of—DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN.

the devil's anvil

RING OF TERROR is announced as "the picture that Hollywood feared to exhibit". The producer asks you not to reveal to your friends the secret of the slithering hand that comes forth from the crypt in the mausoleum in Ravenhill Cemetery.

"This Way Something Wicked Comes", Ray Bradbury's forthcoming novel, has been optioned for filming.

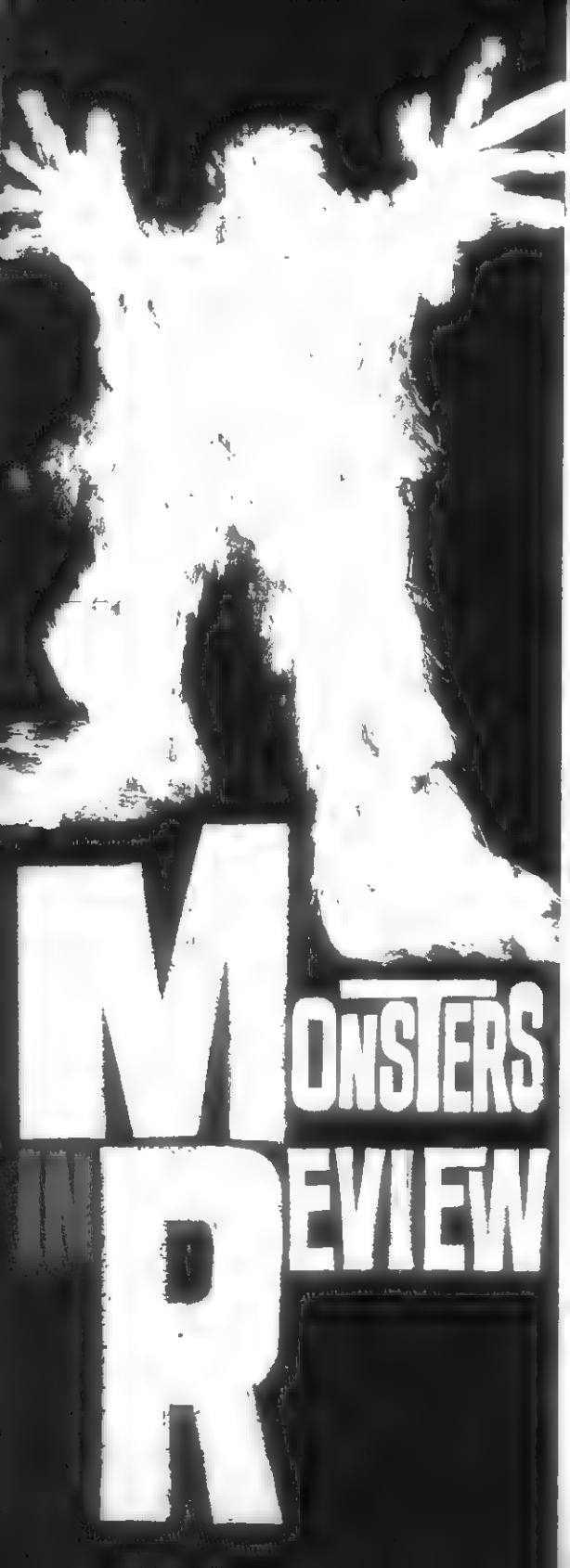
"It's Such A Nice Day" (anything but!) by Jerome (Faceless Man) Bixby has been bought by Rod Serling for *Twilight Zone*.

The new version of THE CABINET OF

(Continued on page 62)



He's "It" in the game of Corpse & Robbers played in DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN, 1961 United Artists release.



fantastic facts and useful information culled from the complete file of the first 12 issues of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*

Fans with all 12 numbers of FM in their possession have a treasure trove of *over* 625 *horror fotos!*

Which would you guess there have been more of—pictures of "human" monsters, like Count Dracula, the Wolfman, zombies; or fotos of creatures, such as King Kong, Gorgo, giant leeches? Well, the percentage is 3-to-1 and Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde and all his tribe of "human" monsters outnumber the creatures from beneath the sea and outer space.

There have been no less than 66 different articles published in the past 12 issues.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE is at one end of the alphabet; ZEX, THE ELECTRONIC MONSTER at the other.

The shortest film title in the magazine? GOG. The longest? THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR VOYAGE TO THE WATERS OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT!

Oddly enuf, not Monster but *Man* has been the most frequent film title preface. THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, THE MAN WITH 9 LIVES, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, etc. Monster is 2d—MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS, THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD, MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, etc. And THE HOUSE OF—ranks 3d.

As might have been guessed, *Boris Karloff* led all the rest with number of fotos published: 46. Not far behind, with 41 appearances, Karloff's old slaymate, *Bela Lugosi*. A surprise in 3d place: *Lon Chaney Jr.*, with 34 pictures to his dad's 26. And in 5th place?—Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, Basil Rathbone, Tor Johnson? *Chris Lee* cops 5th place with 10 pix.

For handy reference, issue by issue, here is the information on where you will find fotos of the Top 5 Favorites:



BORIS KARLOFF (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 24, 29, 30, 54, 68; #2: p. 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 43; #3: p. 38; #4: p. 33, 34, 36, 67, 68; #5: p. 14, 21, #6: p. 7, 11, 48; #7: p. 22, 42; #9: p. 2; #10: p. 13, 24; #11: p. 5, 12, 37, 38, 42, 44; #12: p. 13, 25.



BELA LUGOSI (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 26, 27, 29, 31, 33, 55, 60; #2: p. 23, 25, 44, 45, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53; #3: p. 2, 16, 39; #5: p. 1, 13, 14, 19, 67; #6: p. 49; #8: p. 68, #9: p. 9, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27; #10: p. 11, 13; #11: p. 42, 43, 44, 45; #12: p. 2.



LON CHANEY JR. (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 15, 28, 31, 55, 63, 64; #2: p. 8, 12, 13, 19, 25; #3: p. 11,62; #4: p. 8, 34, 35, 37, 38, 65, 66; #5: p. 11; #7: p. 45; #8: p. 15; #9: p. 12; #11: p. 2, 8, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 51.



LON CHANEY SR.. (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 12, 13, 14; #3: p. 1, 15, #4: p. 23; #5: p. 2; #6: p. 51; #8: p. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33; #9: p. 34, 36, 38, 39, 41; #12: p. 9, 10.

CHRISTOPHER LEE (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 34; #2: p. 19; #3: p. 39; #4: p. 47, 48, 49; #5: p. 12, 62; #8: p. 16; #10: p. 65.

And here, for ready reference, is a list of the Top 6 Films (tie between THE TIME MACHINE and 13 GHOSTS) in respect to amount of pictorial coverage:



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (Chaney Sr.) (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 13; #8: p. 23, 31; #9: p. 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, #12: p. 11, 12, 14.

KING KONG (fotos) *FM* #1 p. 43; #3: p. 38; #4: p. 30; #6: p. 1, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32; #12: p. 15.

DR. CYCLOPS (fotos) *FM* #1 p. 57; #7: p. 4, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33.

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (fotos) *FM* #1: p. 21, 57; #4: p. 21; #6: p. 8; #11: p. 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 66.

13 GHOSTS (fotos) *FM* #8: p. 1, 4, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.

THE TIME MACHINE (fotos) *FM* #6: p. 4, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, #8: p. 21.



END

THE LUCKIEST BOY IN THE WORLD



Only One Boy on Earth

can be the Next Door Neighbor

of the Editor of

FAMOUS MONSTERS.

Only One Boy Would Dare!

PHOTO FEATURE BY ROB BURNS

FJA answers ring of bell to look down in fright at this Gnome threatening him at front door with a raygun.



Slightly surprised expression on FJA's face at appearance of his visitor. (He was expecting the mailman.)



Behind his back, Editor Ackerman is Always Prepared.



"Surprise! It's only me!" cries Stevie Maxin, the Neighborhood Monster Fan No. 1.



"Glad to see you!" says Forry, his usual friendly smiling self. "Come in out of the sun, son, before your mask gets freckled."



Inside, FJA introduces Stevie to The Beast with a Million Eyes as Young Steven clutches models of his Favorite Monsters: Prehistoric Animals. (Altho only 8, he knows all the Dinosaurs by name.)



Closeup (the way Stevie can see it any day) of one of the Martians from THE INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN.



Stevie's eyes pop as Forry tells him, "And here's the Pop of the Beast with a Million Eyes."

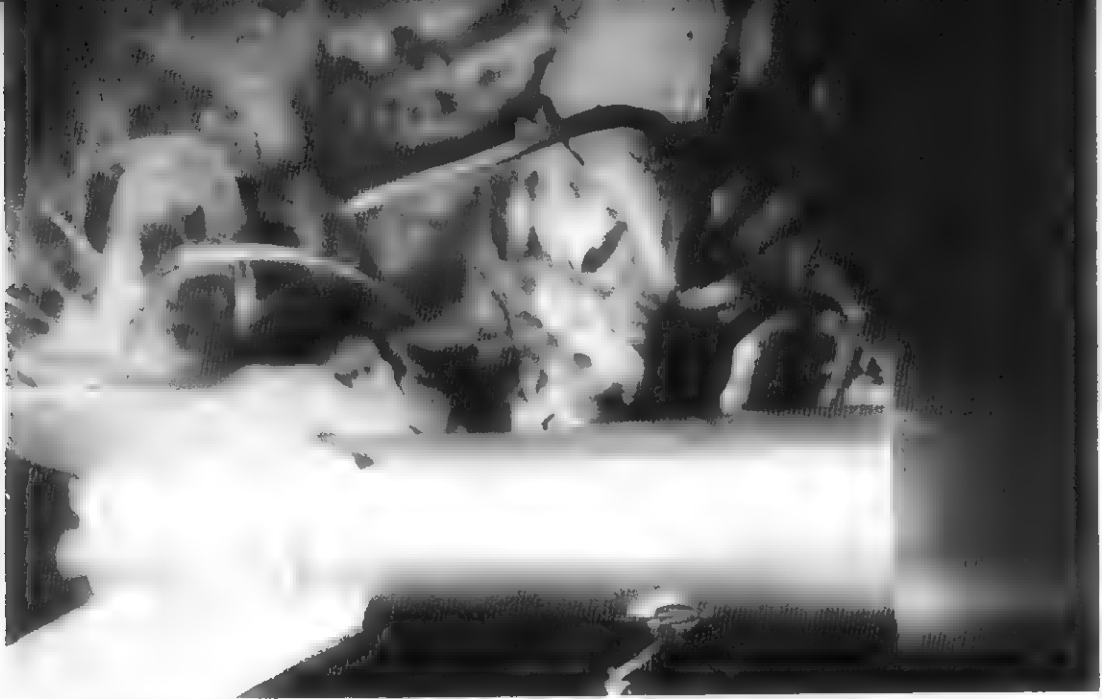


At one point in his tour of the House of Horrors known as the Ackermansion, Steven throws up his hands in astonishment as the very wallpaper seems to come to life.

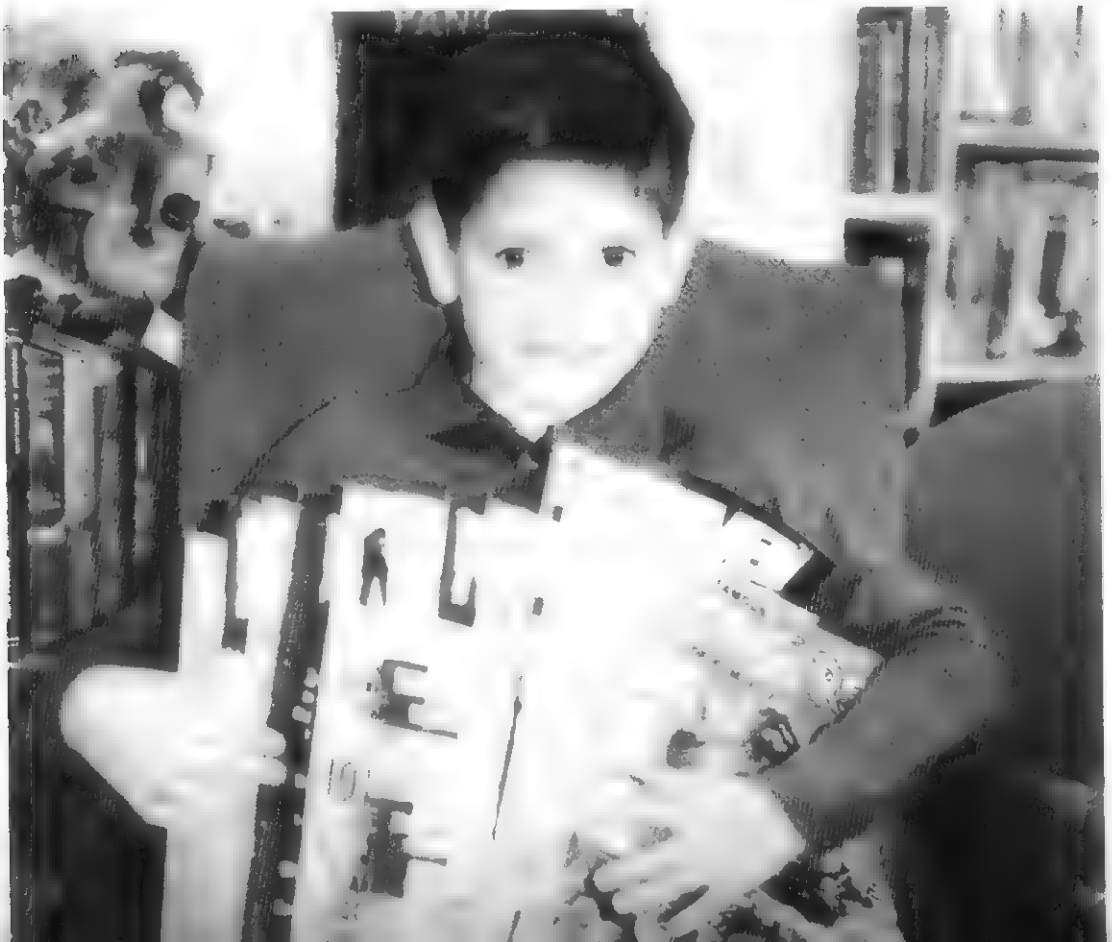


***Pluckiest* Boy on Earth, Steven dares to project a Monster Film in Mr. Ackerman's livingroom. (Or is it a dyingroom?)**

Father William, Mother Iris, Sister Sharon & Brother Ken all have their various opinions about Monster Movies but One Look at Stevie and his Complete Collection of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* and his envious friends get all shock up. Stevie has seen KING KONG about a dozen times and THE THING almost as many on TV. When his Friend Forry missed THE COSMIC MAN, Young Steve happily told him the whole plot of the picture—even if he did call it THE COSMETIC MAN. Master Mazin calls on Editor Ackerman every day, hoping there'll be a new issue of FM out. "It was the luckiest day of my life," he says, "when I found out I lived next door to the man who writes *FAMOUS MONSTERS*."
His ambition? To own Mr. Ackerman's house when he grows up. *The Amazin' Stevie Mazin!*



What Stevie sees on the screen: The Beast with a Million Eyes eye-tacking a spaceship!



ST. GEORGE and the 7 curses

What Mortal Man ever faced such Perils, dared such Dangers, defied Death in over half a dozen Horrifying Forms? Bert I Gordon—who thrilled you with CYCLOPS, THE SPIDER, ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE and TORMENTED—has pulled All Stops Out to create a Masterpiece of Monsterdom!

Lodac the Loathsome

Sinister . . . evil . . . uncanny—they all spell Lodac (Basil Rathbone), most feared sorcerer of 4th Century England. When Helene, daughter of the King, vanishes from the Castle, Lodac appears before her Father and acquaints him with the news that his beloved child has been spirited away to appease the appetite of Lodac's giant Dragon.

The King cries: "Half my Kingdom and my daughter's hand in marriage to her rescuer!" His aide, Sir Branton, accepts the challenge. Lodac warns: "Seven deadly curses await would-be rescuers on the way to my Castle!", then changes into a buzzard and flaps away.

Young George, adopted son of the sorceress Sybil, is in love with Helene and hence is anxious to rescue her for herself alone.

gifts of magic

Sorceress Sybil aids George with:

Bayard the beautiful; fastest horse in all the world—

Ascalon, the sword which defies all others in battle—

And a set of invulnerable armor and shield.

George, with the aid of his magic sword, sets free the 6 most valiant knights in the world, fighting men who have been imprisoned in stone, and they vow to help him save the Princess.

Sir Branton at first opposes the rival effort, but after being bested in a fight with St. George, pretends to join forces with him and the Knights and rides forth to face

the First of the 7 Curses

In the Forest of the Ogre, a 25' high mon-



Pinheads come in 2 types—and this isn't the Safety Pinhead type!



Sinister Siamese, joined together by flesh; part of the horrific household of Lodac the Sorcerer.

ster is encountered!

In the first attack, 2 knights are crushed to death by the mighty beast.

George, aided by the magic of his horse, armor and sword, takes on the Ogre alone. Cleverly galloping around the ungainly creature at breakneck speed, George almost literally causes it to break its neck and he dispatches it to the next kingdom.

In the meantime, at Lodac's Castle, horrified Helene must watch the Dragon devour 2 other imprisoned Princesses: a preview of her own fate. And, when a pair of dwarves menaces her, she flees to another part of the castle where she sees—

Lodac's horrible henchmen

And a henchwoman: the hideous Hag Witch (Vampira).

The evil creatures that do Lodac's bidding include—

Half-human beings with the heads of birds

. . . Pinheads

. . . Siamese Twins

. . . Warlocks and

Gnomes.

To rescue Helene from this domain of diablerie, George and his Knights are even now daring

the Moor of the 2nd Curse

While groping blindly thru the thick fog, one of the knights suddenly plunges screaming into the vortex of a boiling crater. In an unsuccessful rescue attempt, George himself is sucked into the steaming pool from which only the miraculous power of his sword saves him.

The 3d Curse comes in the form of a beautiful young girl, a treacherous siren who turns out to be Lodac's hideous Hag when she reveals her true self. As Vampira is about to sink her sharp blood-sucking batfangs into the throat of one of the knights, George opportunely arrives and fends her off with his enchanted sword.

the spell that is spoilt

Sorceress Sybil, learning thru her Magic



Victims of the 4th Curse: Knights scorched by Fire-Balls.

Sorceress Sybil mixes up a batch of—trouble.





Princess Helene attacked by the Dwarves of Lodac!

Birdman who menaces the Captive Princess in the Castle of Evil Sorcery.



Pool of further knavery afoot from Lodac, determines to help her son with even stronger magic—but unfortunately she is getting old and careless and thru error *robs* George of his magic powers!

George, unaware that he is now as vulnerable as other men, rides with his knights into the hot desert land of the 4th Curse. There they encounter a great blossoming fireball, whose atomic-like heat blisters Knights Dennis & James to death. Narrowly escaping the same fate, George suddenly realizes that Sir Branton has not been affected by the heat of the Curse. Challenged, Branton flees; and George's suspicion that something is wrong is confirmed when his own horse is outrun.

Following Branton to a cave, George & Knight Patrick are trapped inside and attacked by Fire Devils. As Patrick strikes at one of the fiery forms, it envelops him like a cloak of lightning. George defends himself with pots of flaming liquid. Patrick, transformed into a semi-demon, in a dying effort to save his friend burns open the wall of the cave.

the 6th Curse

Alone now, George continues to Lodac's Castle where, under the unseen eyes of the sorcerer, and unknowingly under the spell of the 6th Curse, he finds Helene in her cell.

Fleeing to the Great Hall of the castle, George & Helene are suddenly surrounded by Lodac's creatures.

And confronted by Lodac himself and the renegade Branton.

In the fight that ensues, George loses his sword to Lodac. Branton gives his Magic Ring to Lodac, Lodac gives Helene to Branton. But when Branton embraces Helene she turns into the hideous Hag in the traitor's arms! George, seeing this, realizes he has been under the spell of another curse.

Lodac kills Branton, mounts his head on a wall!

Sorceress Sybil, watching George's desperate plight in her Magic Pool, transforms herself into a small white bird, flies to try to rescue George & Helene. She arrives to find George bound to a rack.

One of the Pinheads accidentally upsets a cage of *miniature* people, prisoners of Lodac. Freed, the dozens of puppet-folk combine their strength to carry the sword of Ascalon to George's cell and cut his bonds.



"Good Knight!" says this Mail Man. "Looks like this package belongs in the Dead Letter Office," as Beautiful Vampire turns into Ugly Witch in his arms.



The Double-Headed Dragon Roars Defiance—and Fire—at St. George.

He dons his armor and mounts Bayard in a desperate effort to save Helene in spite of his lost magical powers.

George and the Dragon

Courageously George charges the Dragon.

It is a seemingly uneven battle which the mighty beast must inevitably win.

But Sorceress Sybil is fortunately able to correct her formula, which restores the magic qualities to George's sword, armor and steed.

Fighting with the fury of 10 men, George overcomes the Dragon.

Sybil tricks Lodac into letting her grab the Magic Ring while he rages at the defeat of his Dragon. Lodac now prepares to unleash the final and most potent of his Curses —Curse No. 7, the sum total of his own evil powers.

But, without the aid of the Magic Ring, Lodac's powers are considerably weakened while Sybil's are correspondingly strengthened and—

She turns herself into a black panther!

The ferocious black feline leaps upon the evil sorcerer.

Clawed, crushed, Lodac dies a bloody death.

At the demise of the sorcerer his magic spells are dissipated and the 6 brave knights are restored to life.

Abundant thrills & chills in Eastman color and Super Percepto-Vision, under the direction and special-effectsmanship of the spectacle's author, Bert Gordon! **END**



Hapless Helena, frightened out of her wits by Birdmen . . . Pinheads . . . and Palefaces.

#3 in Our Serious Series on Imaginative Movies

ROCKET TO THE RUE MORGUE

European-born Wendayne Wahrman saw SIEGFRIED, RULER OF THE WORLD, F.P.I., AN INVISIBLE MAN GOES THRU THE CITY, the DR. MABUSE series and other fantastic German films in the land of their origin at the time they were first shown.

She has been entertained in the homes of Fritz (Girl in the Moon) Lang, Brigitte (Alraune) Helm, Curt (Donovan's Brain) Siodmak, Ray (It Came from Outer Space) Bradbury, Willy (Conquest of Space) Ley, Ray (Mighty Joe Young) Harryhausen and other producers, directors, authors and film players.

She has been a guest at the Studios on the sets with George Pal, Kurt Neumann, Chesley Bonestell, Jerome Bixby, James Nicholson, Alex Gordon, Bert I. Gordon, William Alland, Ib Melchior, Tom Gries and many other motion picture personalities concerned in production of imagi-movies.

She has watched the filming of DESTINATION MOON, ROCKETSHIP X-M, IT!—THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE, ATTACK OF THE SAUCERMEN, THE SHE-CREATURE, THE SPIDER, THE MAGNETIC MONSTER, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, RIDERS TO THE STARS, etc.; seen in their original preview form THIS ISLAND EARTH, FORBIDDEN PLANET, NAKED JUNGLE, THEM!, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, BLACK SLEEP, CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF and many others.

She was a personal friend during the last days of his life of Bela Lugosi.



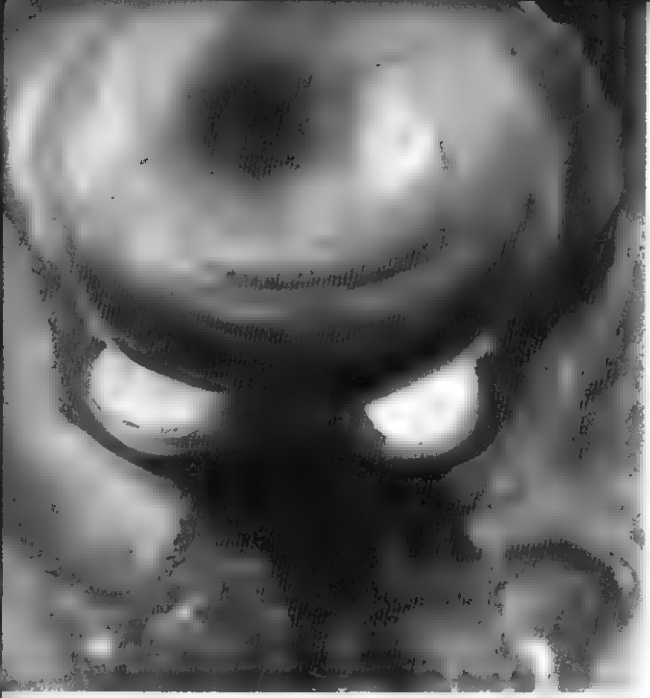
WENDAYNE WAHRMAN, Leading Female Authority on Imagi-Movies

In other words, Wendayne Wahrman is a very knowledgeable individual in the realm of fantastic filmdom, and she here shares with the readership of FAMOUS MONSTERS *some 2500 words worth of observations & opinions arrived at in over a quarter of a century of rocketing everywhere from the Red Planet to the Rue Morgue via cinema seat and library research.*

RUE MORGUE



Baby RODAN hatches in Japanese color spectacle of 1957.



One of half dozen Xenomorphs conceived by Studio Artists prior to production of IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Story of Ray Bradbury's film, together with *actual foto of the Space Monster*, will be featured in a near future issue of our companion magazine, SPACEMEN.

RODAN destroys Japanese city in 1957 technicolor spectacle sired by Toho Productions and Americanized by King Bros.



METROPOLIS, THE LOST WORLD and THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND were high-lights of the silent era of fantastic films; the 20 years of talkies up to 1950 produced such memorable flights of imagination on celluloid as FRANKENSTEIN, THE INVISIBLE MAN, KING KONG, THINGS TO COME, DR. CYCLOPS and several others of stature; but it remained for George Pal to usher in the "scientifilm" boom in about 1950 with DESTINATION MOON. Like the volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, it was a blast heard 'round the world.

For the past 10 years Hollywood has poured out moon, monster and macabre films with all the enthusiasm of Quasimodo (the Hunchback of Notre Dame) pouring out his molten metal. Readers of film gazettes have become used to reports like "JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH Hits Sci-Fi Pay Dirt" and "TIME MACHINE Supersonic Tonic for Box Office Blues."

moony-maker

DESTINATION MOON launched the s.f. film as a money-maker. It was a fabulous spectacle that grossed 3 times its cost on its first run in the USA and Great Britain. The *New York Times* acclaimed it one of the 10 best pictures of 1950. It won an Oscar for Special Effects.

But it was not until THE THING crept out of the RKO Studios that Hollywood realized it had hatched a golden monster. As Forrest J Ackerman himself put it in the early 50s, long before *FAMOUS MONSTERS* was born: "*Project: Alchemy*—how to turn celluloid into gold. Hollywood has found the formula: science fiction! To create the long green line at the box-office, the futuramas of outer space, unknown places and alien races are proving money magnets."

Space opera (son of hoss opera) began to replace the Western; a flimsy framework of science disguised the whodunit; and some semi-scientific jargon jazzed up the old "plain" horror film.

historical hi-lites

According to cinema historians, science fiction was first seen on the screen when Frenchman George Melies produced A TRIP TO THE MOON in 1898 to experiment with trick photography and "only incidentally kid crackbrained science." It was



"If you take my advice," says character to Karloff, "you'll get rid of that salesman at the door. Persistant chap, name of Poe. Been here twice already. Claims to have a bargain in black cats." (From THE BLACK CAT)

Copyright Universal Pictures Co



Magnificent drawing by Willis O'Brien was later brought to life by this Special Effect Ace in the RKO epic of 1933, KING KONG, directed by Merian C. Cooper & Ernest B. Schoedsack.

The late venerable Edward Van Sloan (left) as Dr. Waldman in Director James Whale's FRANKENSTEIN (Universal 1931). Mae Clarke & John Boles express concern about absent Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive).



20 years later that scientifilms really had their start. Germany paved the way with the creepy CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI and a series of fantasy-horror films that created a wholly fantastic atmosphere where the supernatural became commonplace: THE GOLEM, DESTINY, STUDENT OF PRAGUE, ALRAUNE. Then came the classics, METROPOLIS and BY ROCKET TO THE MOON, the latter a serious attempt to depict space travel, the former a vision of a possible future supermechanized city menaced by a mad scientist and his Janus-faced robot.

England made its contribution in the mid-30s with its thrilling spectacle-filled prophecy of the evolution from dystopia to utopia within the next 100 years: THINGS TO COME; and another adaptation from a work by H. G. Wells, THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, a fantasy of a fairytale World of If in which all manner of humorous marvels were conjured up and the Earth itself was commanded to stop rotating (with disastrous results!)

fantasy films in review

The major contribution of the U.S. (William K. Everson tells us, writing in *Films in Review*) was made in the fantasy-horror field. In the 30s, science was mainly employed (says Everson) as an element to deepen the sense of horror that werewolves, vampires and spectral beings, the imaginary creatures inhabiting the frightful world of the supernatural, were wont to evoke in the fear-filled mind of man. Mad scientists took over with their experiments, all culminating in disastrous results: MAD LOVE (Lorre); THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG (Karloff); THE DEVIL DOLL (a scientist reducing humans to murderous homunculi); FRANKENSTEIN and his host of demented descendants (where the manipulation of dead tissues created a man-made monster that became the misunderstood victim of inhuman beings); Wells' ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (vivisection turning animals into humans).

The foregoing were just a few examples of the fantasy-horror-science films that kept some studios in business thruout the 30s until their appeal began to fade during World War II. "Maybe," scientifilm student Walt Lee Jr. wondered, "things were horrible enough at that time, so that people felt no need to scare themselves artificially?"

To be concluded next issue.



Albert Dekker as DR. CYCLOPS in Paramount production (1939) of Incredible Shrunken People. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack in color.

ROCKETSHIP X-M (1950) which started for the Moon but (under the directorship of Kurt Neumann, who was later to direct THE FLY) landed on Mars instead.

▼ **Walt Disney did justice to Jules Verne in 1954 when he presented James Mason as Capt. Nemo in 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. Peter Lorre was included in the cast.**

LON CHANEY SHALL NOT DIE!



Born in 1886, Lon Chaney is now 75 years old—kept alive in the hearts of Robert Bloch, Jerome Bixby, Ray Bradbury, Forrest Ackerman and all those who loved him. As long as there's a *FAMOUS MONSTERS* we have decided that there will always be one full page foto devoted to the memory of Mr. Monster himself. Here he is in the climax of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

HIDDEN HORRORS

LONG LOST IN FORGOTTEN FILES, MONSTERDOM'S MOST SELDOM SEEN (OFFSCREEN) CREATURES & FACES RETURN IN FAMOUS MONSTER'S EXCLUSIVE SERIES OF STILL SHOTS.

Elsewhere in this issue we unveil the frankensteinian face & form of THE THING.

The ferocious face of Erik the Phantom, as portrayed by Lon Chaney, is indelibly burned on the brain of every monster fan who ever beheld it—but what of Erique the Phantom, in the person of Claude Rains? It has been nearly 20 years since HIS face was [redacted].

Well, here because you asked, begged, pleaded for it, is an almost impossible to find foto of Claude Rains Unmasked as THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

Hidden Horror #3, next issue? We'll give you a clue: It Came from Inner Space!





The Phantom Unmasked! Claude Rains as the Fire-Scarred Fiend from Frightsville who needed an Operation more than an Opera!





DARKEST ACLA

wherein the editor turns back the clock and reveals the truth about what he thought about one monster film and another. (oh, brother!)

On the basis of last issue's scathing review of I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, one reader has already written in characterizing this new feature as "The Moment of Truth Dept." And, so help me Hemmingway, that's just what it is.

But, also, as I warned you in the introduction to this new department, reviews of past pictures will not necessarily *be panning. For instance, to demonstrate the point, here is a* favorable *critique of the Hugo-winning film fantastique of* 1957.—*FJA*

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, screenplay by Richard Matheson from his pocketbook, is an exceptionally good job of translation to sight & sound. The Powers That Be gave Matheson his head—the bloody severed one that one generally thinks of him carrying around under his arm—and he kept tautly cerebral control of it until the final few moments when the dialog became a little too brainy for my gray cells to accept. But it by no means spoils the picture, which I anticipate seeing again.

The film version unfolds in an orderly fashion rather than the seesaw of the book. Before even the first foot of live action is seen, the eye is intrigued during the presentation of credits by the diminishing silhouette of a man on the left quarter of the screen while a pinpoint of light blossoms from the middle into the deadly doorknob form we have been familiar with since 1945, an atomic cloud; and the ear is wooed by a melodically modern trumpet solo for shrink-

All photographs in this article copyright by Universal Pictures Co



Incredible—but true! Little Sizer meets Big Tweezer.



Chief of the Fire Squat! The Shrinking Man uses a matchstick as a weapon.

Shrunken Man threads his way thru world of Giant Threats where even a thimble would be a welcome hiding place from Sudden Danger.



ing men, beautifully blown by Ray Anthony. The mood is set for an "A" production and an "A" is what we get and what I give leading man Grant Williams (as Scott Carey), director Jack Arnold, the wonder-working technicians and producer Albert Zugsmith.

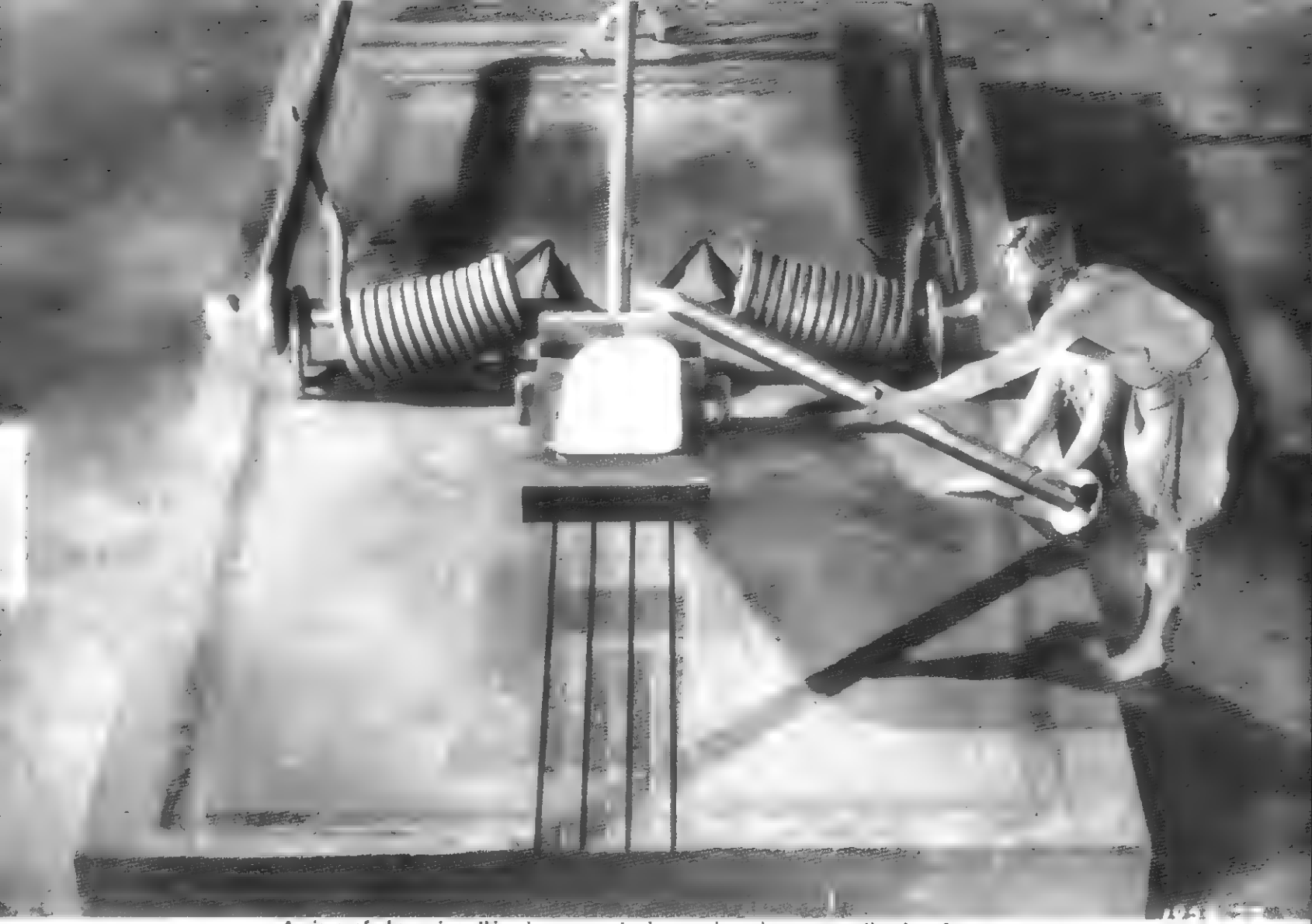
Fans who have read the book have criticized the *modus diminuendi* as its weakest point. It is no fatal flaw as presented on the screen, in fact I think the shrinking "explanation" hits just about the right spot for the masses. Mr. & Mrs. Carey—Scott & Louise—are a natural, normal young pair of married Americans, so that the simple nature of the incident that blights their lives will be found believable, I believe, by the usual moviegoer. And if you are not the cine-norm, you may incline to be charitable to the "explanation" in order to get on with the engrossing, or de-grossing, business of the shrinking.

Internal interruption: As Tor the Mighty is my witness, while typing the preceding paragraph an INVASION OF TERMITES was discovered in my basement! This meant, a la the Shrinking Man, that it was necessary for me to man the spray gun, getting, like Scott Carey, a dose of insecticide inside me in the process. There are no vagrant wisps of radioactive clouds (that I know of) in this area, but the smog sometimes gets as thick as Dr. Cyclops' lenses, and I hope no unfortuitous combination of the two causes any catalytic catastrophe with my metabolism a la the Matheson formula.

he who shrank

So irradiated bug poison in his system causes Scott Carey to lose his sanforization: he begins dwindling at the rate of an inch a day. Mild concern gives way to bewilderment, dismay, when it is demonstrated beyond doubt that he is losing height in unprecedented fashion.

The nice part about this movie is that there is no mad doctor motif. Carey is not a lone wolf laboratory scientist, cracked like a test-tube, intent on making his enemies look small; he's just a nice guy to whom this unique thing happens, and he reacts much as the average individual probably would under the unprecedented circumstances. Dwindling has been seen on the screen before; in DEVIL DOLL from A. Merritt's "Burn! Witch! Burn!" and in DR. CYCLOPS, fictionized after the film



A piece of cheese is nothing to sneeze at when you're a hungry man the size of a mouse.



A Very Wary Man who doesn't want to play Canary with this Super Cat!

She said "Shrink Big!" and now they have a house full of Kingsize furniture—King Kongsize!



by Henry Kuttner in short story form and Charles R. Strong in book; but never on such an elaborate scale. All concerned with the production deliberately made it difficult on themselves by undertaking to show Carey active in a dozen different stages of reduction. The resultant cinemagic is fascinating to behold. The earlier in-between sequences held my attention more than the climactic where, if one stopped to think about it, one realized the sets *had* to be built on a giant scale in order to give the illusion of the man being that small. Shrewdly, one is not allowed much pause to wonder—too many exciting things are constantly happening.

life as a micro-man

There was a lapse of a year, perhaps, between the time I read the book and saw the picture, so I don't recall the former with complete clarity, but I have the feeling only an episode or two was omitted. The temporary friendship with the female midget comes off well, as does Carey's dwelling in the doll house and cat-&-mouse encounter with his pet turned predatory colossus. The spider menace is genuinely shudder-some. Life as a Lilliputian in an abandoned basement is a bed of razors for one born of man and woman.

I said I found the ending unconvincing. Unable to communicate with his wife and the rest of the human race, Carey—no "coldblooded" scientist but a warm, emotional person—becomes reconciled to his fate, vocally philosophizes about it, even looks forward to life as a molecular mote. You might; I might, hoping to meet with Ray Cummings' Girl in the Golden Atom; but Carey cared too much about everyday life and people to make his resignation to the microscopic world acceptable to me. It just seemed inconsistent with his character.

Kerchoo! Curse that smog! Say, I thot my typewriter was a portable—it somehow looks suddenly larger, standard size.

Later: met young Stevie, the little boy next door, on my way to the mailbox. Either he has shot up to 6′ or I am—?

SHRIEKING!

Publisher's Note: As I opened Forry Ackerman's airmail envelope with this review, a strange thing happened: an ant crawled out. Stranger still, I could swear I heard it cry "Help!" I am concerned lest my editor should have been belittled by his critics.—Jim Warren.) **END**



The Moral of this picture is: Never Bite Your Nails, you'll be glad to have the longest one you've got if you ever get in a spot like Grant Williams.

He's a Son of Frankenstein, Son of a Mummy, Son of a Goon, in Fact, a Son of Every ONE of the Famous Monsters, is BOB BURNS!

HORRORS HOTTEST NEWCOMER

Bob be nimble, Bob be quick, Bob jump over The candle stick (Oops!—BOB BURNS!!

One by one the [illegible] of the Mother and the old time horr[illegible]ctors. Last year Karoo; early this, that venerable old the [illegible]pire. Therefore, [illegible] shadow



Robert Burns as Cigar Face, the Monster who Made the Mistake of placing the Lit End of an Exploding Cigar in his Mouth.



The Last Smiling Shot ever taken of Kathy (Mrs.) Burns, just before she learned She Married A Monster!

It's Kharis Kringle, alias Tana Claus.



on the silver screen but will never create a new characterization. Where are the new horror actors to come from, the Chaneys, Atwills, et al, of tomorrow? Will their names be Jon Lackey? Frank Coe? Chris Robinson? Mitch Evans? John Andrews?

Bob Burns?

Bob Burns! Ah, now there's a name to conjure with. Robert Burns in FALL OF THE HEARSE OF USHER . . . I WAS A TANA-AGED MUMMY . . . DR. HECKLE & MR. JIBE—are these films that we may see on the marquee in 1963?

the mark of a monster

We know one thing (here at *FAMOUS MONSTERS*) and in this foto feature we are sharing it with you: Bob. Burns has *already* begun to make his mark in Monsterdom. In a big way. On TV.

Bob Burns is now in Hollywood, playing his favorite role—civilian—but a couple of seasons ago while he was a GI (which also stands for Ghoul Incorporated) he put Texas into a state of shock. And considering what a big state Texas is, you can appreciate the size of the shock.

Out of his Army budget of $78 a month, Pvt. Burns managed to create the magnificent makeups you see in this article. The citizens of San Antonio and surrounding cities had the pleasure of seeing him *live* —for 9 months—as the many-faced monster that regularly horrified Joe Alston, Host of the local Shock Theater.

he paralyzed paar

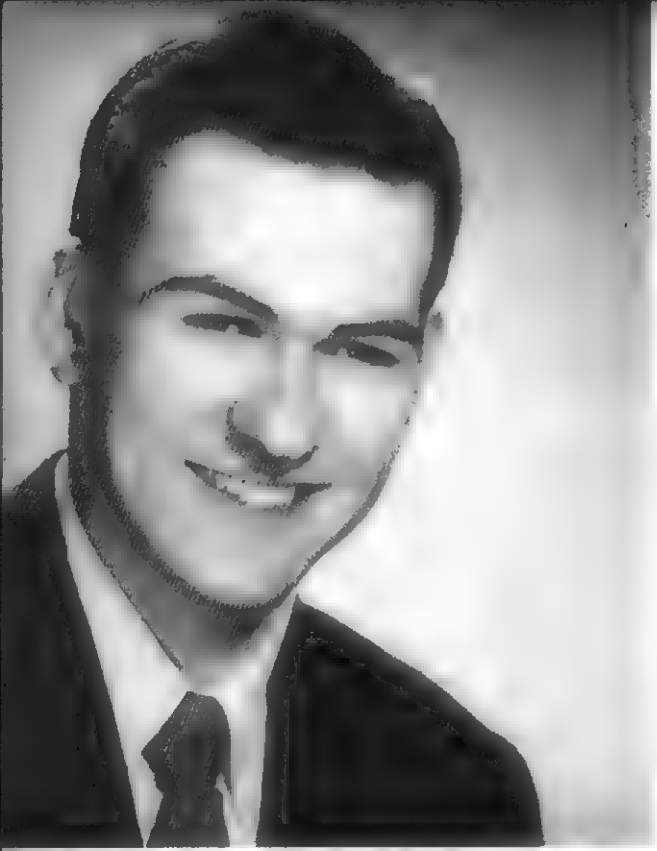
On Friday nites the "Bob Burns Show" (as all his relatives called it) polled higher in popularity than Jack Paar! For this reason, to this day Jack will not speak to Bob, and vice versa, altho just possibly it has something to do with the fact that neither has ever been introduced to the other.

Some of the stunts that made Bob Burns such a hit were these:

The series showed 3 of the MUMMY films, including THE MUMMY'S CURSE and THE MUMMY'S GHOST. Bob made himself up as the 30 centuries old mummy, wrapped in rotting dust-caked gauze, and before the picture began he was seen lying inert on a table with a weird little urn (filled with dry ice) giving off smoke by

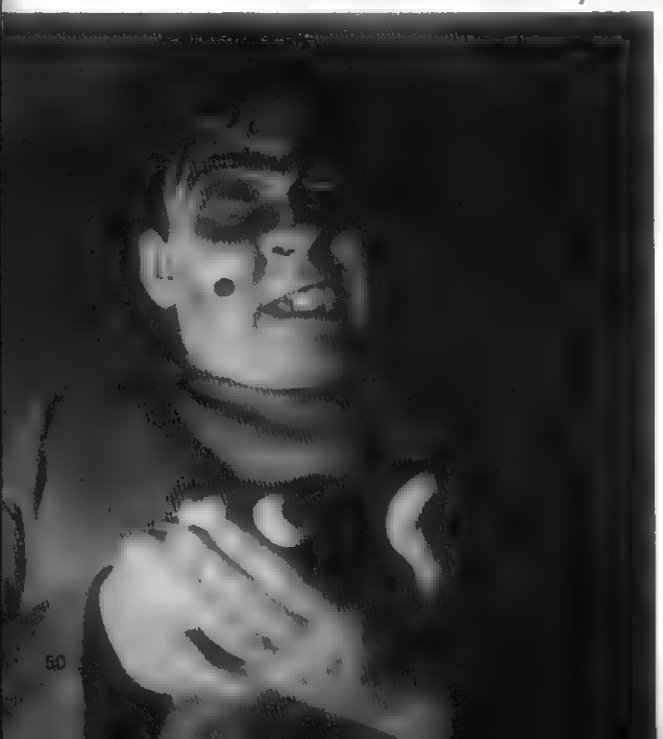


Burns' Bride, looking a little overcooked.



Bob Burns in the Makeup which His Fans have voted "his most convincing horror job."

As Tom Swift and His Electric Eyeballs.



his side. The Host explained: "6 tana leaves keep him alive, 9 give him movement." At the end of the picture, as the Host was about to call the eerie proceedings to a halt, he laffed at the audience and said: "Of course, we all know that there is no such thing as a living mummy" . . . and at that moment Bob, looking like Wrap Van Wrinkle, came to life and tana'd the Host's hide!

zucko — socko!

While the late Geo. Zucco was probably still alive, Bob played a part in conjunction with the revival of Zucco's MAD MONSTER. In the picture, Zucco zigs people with his hypodermic and the victims zag this way & that. In the prolog, the Host raised a syringe, tested it, then plunged it into the arm of Bob, who lay in a state of suspended animation. "It is remarkable," remarked the Host, "how violently chemicals can act on the human body. This fluid has the power to change this ordinary human being into a vicious beast!" At the end of the film the Host checks on sleeping Bob to see if the experiment has worked. At first he is disappointed—no change has taken place. But then (in a carefully switched in prefilmed segment) Bob began to turn into a werewolf before the audience's eyes! "Igor! Igor! No, no!" cried the terrified Host—but in vain. For that nite the Coming Attraction was announced by Bob (the Werewolf) Burns as he sat in the Host's usual chair.

bob's burning desire

Young Burns' ambition is to become so well established as a Monster star that one day his pictures will give pleasuresome shudders to people all over the world and he'll rate a cover on *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. We feel he's well on his way with performances such as we've already described here and further hi-lites of his career which will be relived in our 14th issue.

Don't miss the next number with foto revelations of Bob's makeups & pranks in conjunction with THE MAD GHOUL, DEAD MAN'S EYES, KING KONG, THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, etc! See his wife as THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. See Bob in an original makeup as The Creation!

Horror's hottest newcomer is a real cool ghoul. **END**



As the Monster with Universal (Universal-International, that is) appeal: Bob (Bolts) Burns as Frank N. Stein.



The recently deceased GEORGE ZUCCO in DEAD MEN WALK. And it may be truly said of him that, tho dead, he will continue to walk the screen for many years to come. The staff of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* expresses regret at his passing.

DEATH TAKES GEORGE ZUCCO

IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE ZUCCO is dead.

The British horror actor, who was born in Manchester, England, in January 1886, passed away in June 1960 in Hollywood. He was 74.

George Zucco never became a GREAT horror actor like Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi or Boris Karloff, but he did his share, along with featured players like Lionel Atwill, Tor Johnson, John Carradine, to make many a terror movie more terrifying.

He was with Karloff in THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN ... Lorre in CONFIDENTIAL AGENT ... Lugosi in one of the CHANDU films.

He practiced his screen villainy in at least one of the TARZAN pictures, one of the MUMMY series, THE MAD GHOUL, THE MAD MONSTER, and was chief menace in THE FLYING SERPENT.

He will be missed in future horror films, but his image will live on in Friday the 13th movie revivals, Halloween bills, television shock shows—and the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

George Zucco has gone to join Lon Chaney, Conrad Veidt, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Rondo Hatton, Colin Clive and the other Halloween Men who went before him—in the Never Never Land beyond the Silver Screen.



Tarzan fights the horrible Zumangani for his life in the Pit of Death. (Johnny Weismuller in TARZAN, THE APE MAN.)

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

The Celluloid Jungle's Bravest Warrior and his Battles with the Monsters from the Mind of the Immortal

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Blood-sucking bats!

Apes of abnormal size and strength!

Bone-crushing serpents of enormous length!

A spider bigger than a human being!

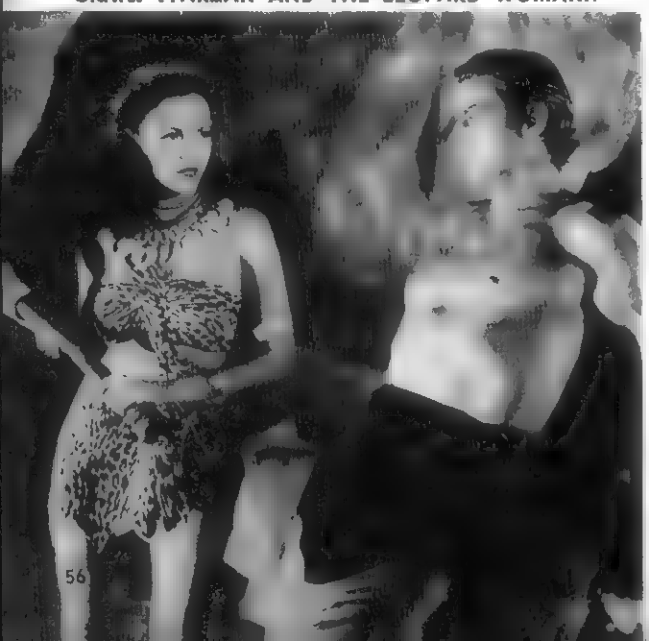
He's fought and bested them all, has Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, in his many film exploits.

And which do you suppose was the most fearsome, the most terrifying, the deadliest



That's not an acrobat's net, that's a *spider's web* that Tarzan is fighting beside. Any second he'll have something worse than a human being to battle! (TARZAN'S [redacted].)

Tarzan can spot danger a mile away and in this case he doesn't have to look very far to see that's not Santy Claws. (TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN.)



wild denizen that the great bronzed giant, the invincible apeman, ever met?

Tarzan meets Frankenstein

In 1927, before the movies had learned to talk, before Tarzan's grunt had ever been heard on the screen or Frankenstein's growl had ever curdled the blood;—5 years before the "birth" of the Frankenstein monster, Tarzan (then played by Jim Pierce) met up with the actor who was to create the world-famous role of the fiend from the laboratory of resurrection. Yes, nearly 35 years ago *Boris Karloff* played in a Tarzan thriller! This particular one was TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION.

Nine years previous, in the first of all the White Skin films (TARZAN OF THE APES; 1918), former strong man Elmo Lincoln portrayed the heroic figure, and motion picture history was made as audiences 'round the world gasped at Tarzan's combats with the creatures of the jungle.

the cry heard 'round the world

Zugor, the giant ape who had never known defeat, lay dead, killed in hand to hand battle with the brawny white hairless ape, Tarzan. Victorious, the King of the jungle placed a foot on the still body of his fallen foe, beat his chest in the manner of the great apes who raised him, raised his cupped hands to his wide-open mouth and bellowed forth the cry of Tarzan triumphant. It was in the first of the Tarzans in sound, TARZAN THE APE MAN, and Johnny Weissmuller's inspired vocalization of Tarzan's jungle call thruout the film thrilled young & old alike.

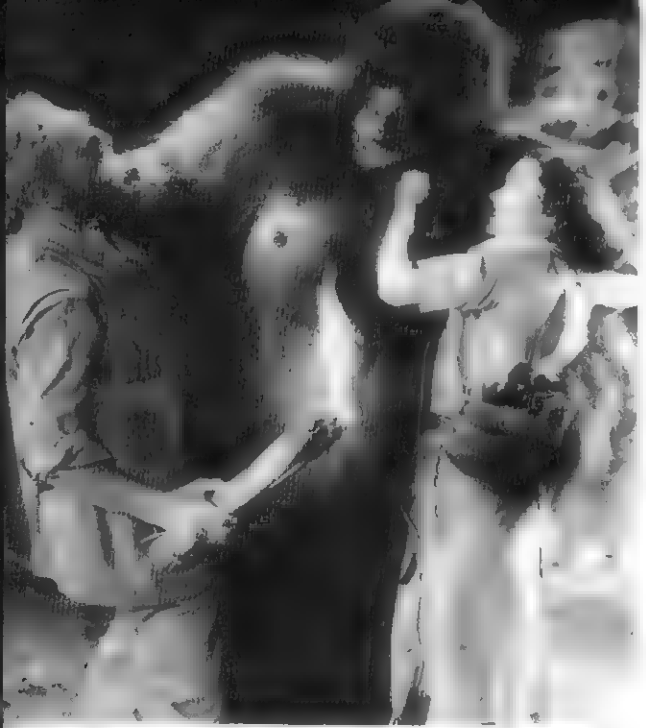
Now also, since the films had found their voice, the audiences could hear the ferocious roar of Numa the lion, the weird shrill trumpeting of Tantor the elephant, the earth-shaking stomp of a charging rhino.

beasts known —and unknown

Sheeta, the panther; Horta, the boar; Histah, the snake; Sabor, the lioness; Duro, the hippo; Gimla, the crocodile; Dango, the hyena; these were jungle creatures well-



TARZAN ESCAPES is the title of this one—but *narrowly* as you can see by the hovering menace of the most vicious-looking bat since Bela Lugosi left Transylvania.



Jane and her Father in the bone-breaking grasp of a Giant Gorilla. Will Tarzan arrive in time to rescue them from this hideous beast?

"Boy" sees spots before his eyes in TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN, calls Tarzan to swing thru the trees to his rescue with a pair of glasses—glass-tipped spears, that is!



known to Tarzan.

But monstrous vampire bats?

Man-eating plants?

Leopard men?

These were menaces of a different type, new terrors faced by Tarzan.

In TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY Johnny Weissmuller, along with "boy" (his son, Johnny Sheffield), passed thru a land of prehistoric monsters. Two other horrors made DESERT MYSTERY one of the most frightening of the Tarzan film adventures: a carnivorous plant that nearly squeezed Tarzan to death, preparatory to devouring him, before he was rescued by his faithful friend Tantor the elephant; and a giant spider, against which he was pitted when Boy accidentally happened upon the huge insect's lair. The terrifying sequence where the great many-legged monster attacks Tarzan can still be recalled by all who have seen this scarey fight between man and man-sized spider, a cameo of horror similar to the scenes in Sabu's THIEF OF BAGDAD, Bert Gordon's SPIDER.

more menace

Lost lands hold many dangers, forgotten races have weird rites. In TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN Weissmuller was captured by the fanatical leopard-goddess Acquanetta.

It was in TARZAN ESCAPES that Johnny fought the vampire bats.

He waged war against a sinister sea-god in TARZAN AND THE MERMAIDS.

When Herman Brix (now Bruce Bennett) played the apeman in THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN he tangled with natives who were worshippers of a sacred Mayan idol.

Even Flash Gordon got into the action when Buster Crabbe flexed his muscles as TARZAN THE FEARLESS when he fell into the evil hands of the people of Zar, God of the Emerald Fingers.

In TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN Lex Barker encountered lost-race dangers in a land of incredibly old people who had discovered the Elixir of Youth.

Gordon Scott battled a giant boa constrictor in TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

But you may never guess (unless you saw and remember the picture) the *worst* beast-men Tarzan *ever* encountered on the screen, the most inhuman monsters of modern times: in TARZAN TRIUMPHS—the *Nazis!*

END



It's nice to see a man who is all wrapped up in his work. However, Jane hopes Tarzan hasn't been pressured into anything. (TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE with Gordon Scott as Burroughs' Jungle Hero.)

KONGAROO MEETS



A Spritely Exchange of Opinions between a Cross Sci-Fi Fan from the Land of the Southern Cross and Robert Bloch, Noted Psycho Therapist of the Land of the Blue Cross.

Editor's Foreword: Graham B. Stone of Sydney, Australia, is an ardent science fiction enthusiast. He takes his fiction and his films very seriously and has little like for anything less than the very best for his favorite form of literature and motion pictures. He has been displeased with *FAMOUS MONSTERS* from the start, taking a negative view of its very nature. Yet, because of his many positive contributions to the Imagi-Nation, his recognized standing in the s.f. community of Down Under, we feel obliged to consider his criticism seriously—and provide a rebuttal by an equally sincere individual, respected in the field for his countless contributions to all phases of fantasy: Robert Bloch.

* * *

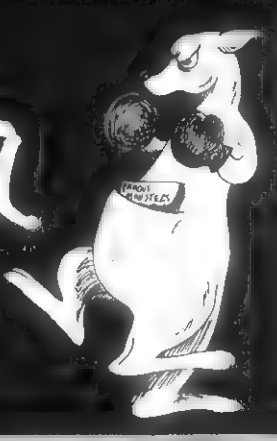
About this monster kick (*starts Stone*). Some of the stills in *FAMOUS MONSTERS* have some historical interest; I snigger at some of the puns; and if you make money out of the thing I'm delighted to hear it. But if you imagine you are doing science fiction any good producing such a publication, in my opinion you should think again. I think the atrocities of science fiction the movies have produced have pretty uniformly set th emovement back a long way —even any there have been *without* any monsters, few as there would be. But the monster angle is particularly bad. And now monsters have become firmly identified with SF in many morons' minds. Not long ago a local department store advertised SF pocketbooks being on sale at their book department: the ad was headed "Take home a monster." Maybe you figure it's a good thing if people have even heard something called science fiction exists. Well, I don't, if they think it's all monsters—or deros*—or flying saucers—or any other kind of crud. I'd be a lot happier if they'd never heard of it at all.

*deranged robots inhabiting underground caves, evil influences of a controversial series of stories known as the Shaver Mystery.

And now, as Mrs. Tracy said, a word from our Spencer.

In this case, our "sponsor" happens to be

Son of Konga



named Robert Bloch.

Mr. Bloch is too well-known to require an introduction.

All the world knows who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" & "Little Orphan Annie"—and it was not Robert Bloch, altho he wouldn't mind taking credit for them, but he would prefer cash.

Robert Bloch is, of course, the author of "Murder Cycle, Son of Motorcycle," from which Alfred Hitchcock made the motion picture PSYCH HUR, SON OF BEN HUR.

Tomfoolery (son of Tom Swift) aside, Robert Bloch does have this to say in a serious vein in response to Mr. Stone's stones:

Somewhere I've heard it said that a child—or was it a monster?—has to learn to crawl before it learns to walk.

For that reason, I can't agree with your condemnation of monster magazines. When I was a small child—or monster—I heard the same criticism levelled at a new publication called *Weird Tales* because of its lurid covers and interior illustrations: the tentacled horrors adorning *Amazing Stories* came in for equally severe castigation. In fact, throughout the decades that followed, science fiction was equated with those nasty black sheep of the literary family—the "pulps." Then along came Buck Rogers and Superman, and science fiction was still further demoted to "comic book stuff." I myself took violent exception to this, feeling (as you do now) that it harmed the status of both science fiction and fantasy, just as inferior motion pictures and television presentations did and do today. I've written my opinions at great length.

But I can't help but take a long-range perspective on all this and realize that, during the past 30-odd years, while science fiction and fantasy have labored under this stigma, thousands of new readers and hundreds of new writers have been added to the ranks of devotees. And many of them were attracted to the field, at an early age, by just such despised media. As they matured, and their tastes developed, they went on to more adult fare. But the point is—they *were* attracted. And I can't help but feel that this magazine is performing a similar function today. The tongue-in-cheek approach is surely self-apparent to even the youngest reader; there's no pretense that this is anything but fun. And when it comes to fun, I'm in favor of it. At least until they come out with a good substitute. **END**

the Creature from The Bloch Lagoon



Spider, spider on the wall, why did the House of Usher Fall? Fi, fie, foe, fum—look to THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM! (Opposite page).

"And if you're a good robot and drink your cast-iron oil, next issue we'll let you read More About Robot Movies!"



(Continued from page 12)

DR. CALIGARI is being given a $1 million budget.

FIEND FROM HALF MOON BAY . . . FEAR STARTS AT DAWN . . . REPTILICUS . . . A CHILD'S GAME (in Horror-Scope) . . . THE DISAPPEARANCE (Philip Wylie) . . . THE VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA . . . Robert Louis Stevenson's THE SUICIDE CLUB . . . THE PHANTOM OF THE FERRIS WHEEL (Vincent Price) . . . SILENT SOUND (John Eppolito) . . . THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH (Fantascope) . . . MACISTE AGAINST THE VAMPIRES . . . BEAUTY AND THE BEAST . . . THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS (Guy Endore) . . . THE HAND . . . Peter Lorre in A NIGHT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S . . . and JEKYLL'S INFERNO—these are pix aimed at giving you palpitations.

space thrills

As rockets roar, comets rush thru the void, meteors menace and planets wheel in their orbits, Hollywood plans an increased proportion of astronomical adventures.

An obvious target, there's THE MAN IN THE MOON, and Walt Disney plans to send MOON PILOTS on the long lunar lane 240,000 miles up to meet him.

THE FLIGHT THAT VANISHED will graphically portray the plight of passengers on a trip that is intercepted by representatives of another planet.

"We are still seeking a satisfactory script for THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5," says James Nicholson, President of American-International, in explanation of the long-delayed production of the much-looked-forward-to screen adaptation of Richard Wilson's multi-monstered novel.

THE SILENT STAR is a superior European interplanetary spectacle.

Special effects have been completed for SPACE WOMEN.

In preparation for filming are MARTIAN EYE, THE MAID AND THE MARTIAN and JOURNEY TO THE 7th PLANET (the latter by Ib Melchior, scripter of THE ANGRY RED PLANET).

Then, of course, there's Ray Bradbury's monumental MARTIAN CHRONICLES.

For more detailed information on these and other space pix, see the 1st & 2nd issues of our new companion filmagazine, *SPACEMEN*.



One of the Most Unusual Shots we have ever published. A Masterful Montage from Richard Matheson's adaptation of THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM. (American-International 1961.)



Is it a tooth or a toenail? One thing's for sure: its owner either has King Kong for a dentist or buys its shoes from the Amazing Colossal Man! From THE DEADLY MANTIS.

What kind of face can lie behind the surgeon's gauze? We now pause for station identification: You are looking at a still from *Twilight Zone*, illustrating the dramatic impact of Rod Serling's "Eye of the Beholder."



shockers in short

Synopses of thrillers you'll soon be seeing:

MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE

Eddie Candell (Ron Randell), a criminal who escapes on his way to prison, is caught in the atomic blast of a Cobalt Mutation experiment—and inexplicably lives! The handcuffs on his wrists disappear during the explosion but leave the connecting chain of metal as tho it were growing from his flesh. Instinctively Candell jerks his wrists apart, is astounded to see the chain snap . . . then horrified as the loose ends seem to be *literally absorbed by his wrists!*

The fantastic truth is: the freak accident has transformed this dangerous criminal into a man of steel. He soon learns that he can smash thru walls, that even bullets bounce harmlessly off his body. He seeks vengeance—and spreads a reign of terror when it is realized his body is radiation-saturated, that anyone he nears can be contaminated by fallout.

He becomes a state-wide menace. A trap to electrocute him fails.

See the picture to learn the ending.

VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS

Adapted from Jules Verne's "Off On a Comet", this Al Zimbalist production in Living Monstascope tells the exciting story of French Army officer Hector Servadac and Englishman Michael Denning who are whirled off earth by a comet, a comet where life is similar to that of earth's prehistoric times. Dinosaurs, cavemen, gigantic beasts abound on the gaseous world.

Becoming separated, Servadac discovers the River People and a beautiful comet girl called Deena, while Denning finds a tribe of Cave People and a cave girl named Nateeta.

Unfortunately the River People and the Cave People are bitter enemies.

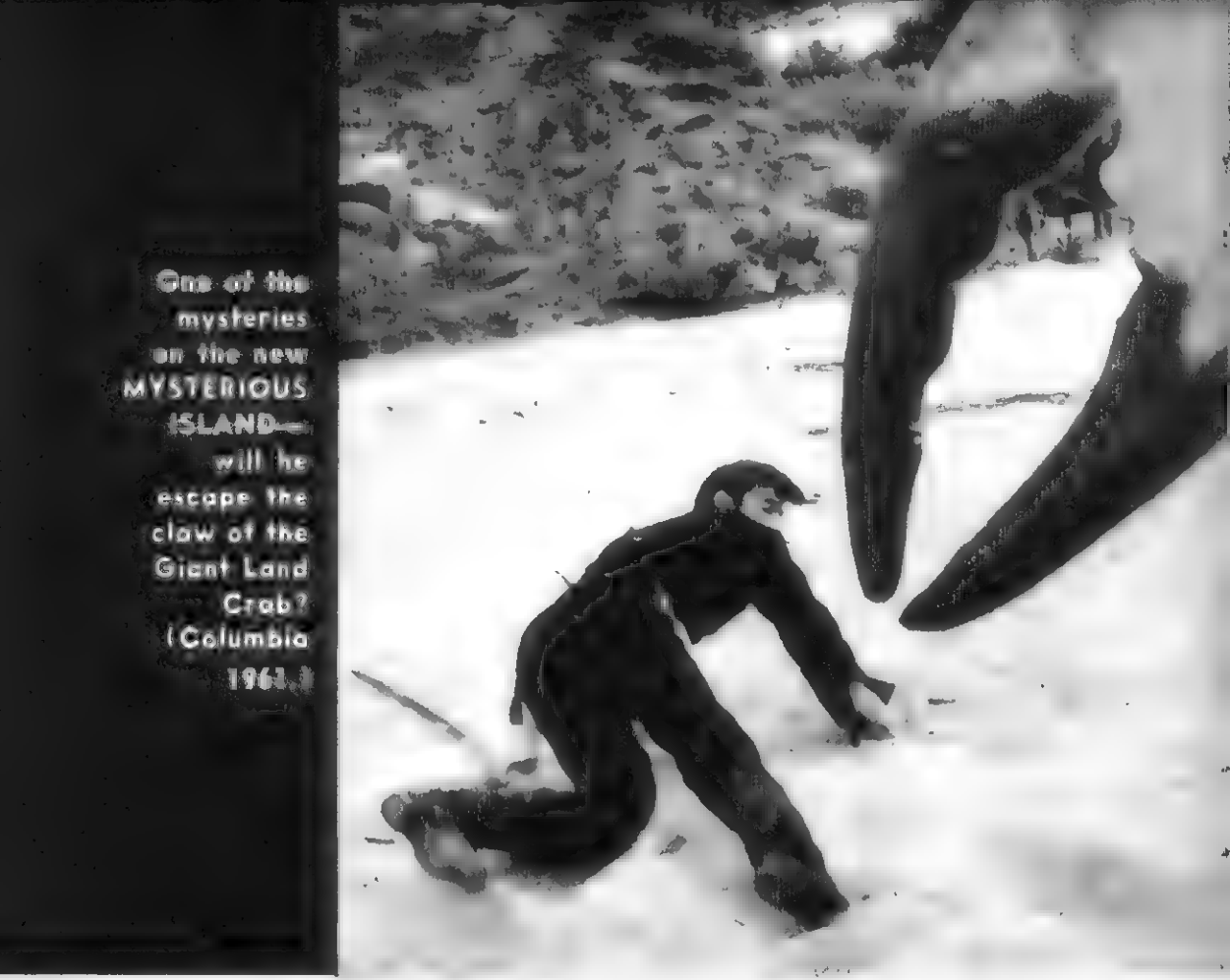
But eventually Servadac& Denning are instrumental in making the Cave People & River Folk friends.

HOMICIDAL

This is Wm. Castle's answer to PSYCHO. He claims it "has one of the most astounding endings in recent film history. It is macabre with a capital SCREAM." As in THE TINGLER, HOUSE ON HAUNTED



American-International's KONGA emerges from a tiny monkey into a gargantuan king gorilla.



HILL and other Castle shockers, there is the added kicker of an audience participation gimmick. And watch "Warren"—the second male lead—there's something mysterious about him and his acting name is not being revealed.

Inexplicable murder . . . a dark and foreboding home . . . a paralyzed old woman . . . a $10 million inheritance . . . and a Clutching Hand type of terrifying ending —these are the eerie ingredients of HOMICIDAL.

poe & verne

Alas for Eddie Poe & Julie Verne: if these boys could only return like Dracula, the Mummy and Frankenstein, their posthumous film earnings would put them in the class of multi-millionaires.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

By Edgar Allan Poe as retold for the screen by Richard Matheson.

A rhythmic clanking noise mysteriously emanates from the depths of a gloomy old castle in Spain. Nicholas Medina (Vincent Price) is master of the castle and gives Francis Barnard (John Kerr) a cool reception when he arrives at Castle Medina seeking to discover the cause of his sister's death. Nicholas informs Francis that his sister died of a strange blood malady but her physician privately informs him otherwise: "Elizabeth," he says, "died of fright."

Before the film is over, half the audience may die of fright!

There's the corpse that tries to claw its way out of its coffin.

The girl in the Iron Maiden.

The moment Vincent Price's mind snaps.

And—of course—deep in the castle's



Fugitive from *SPACEMEN* magazine? No, hairless helmet holder is DR. CYCLOPS, Incredible Shrinker of men. (Paramount 1939.)

MYSTERY PHOTO



We'll keep you guessing till next issue to find out what film this photo is from!

dungeon, the gigantic pendulum with its razor-sharp *blood-stained* blade. . .

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

Sequel to 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, this sci-fi adventure classic revives Capt. Nemo and his atomic submarine, the *Nautilus.*

Monstrous birds, giant land crabs and a bee larger than a man!—these are some of the wonders of the Mysterious Island, created in Super Dynamation by Ray Harryhausen, whose genius with animating models is well known to us all from his previous triumphs such as MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH and THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

You'll see soldiers buffeted in a hurricane in a runaway balloon . . . a subterranean city . . . an erupting volcano . . . and Herbert Lom as Capt. Nemo in Harryhausen's true-to-Verne reproduction of the famous *Nautilus.*

more marvels

"The most fabulous adventures on, over or under the earth! The first motion picture produced in the magic-image miracle of *Mystimation!*"—that's the way they describe THE FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE.

Watch for the super-fireworks on July 4th when Vincent Price sets sail in the sky for another Jules Verne adventure in which he aims to become MASTER OF THE WORLD.

THE SNAKE WOMAN is about to slither onto screens everywhere. Check your nearest drive-in.

American-International plans to film Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS, Jules Verne's IN THE YEAR 2889, Edgar Allan Poe's THE RAVEN and a novel or novelette by *HGWells!*

"Highly imaginative" is the expression for THE PHANTOM PLANET, a kind of Incredible Shrinking Gulliver fantasy of space produced by Fred Gebhardt, a man who is a genuine fan of science fiction and plans to move from strength to strength in the movie industry making ever better & better space films. See *SPACEMEN* for an on-the-spot report on THE PHANTOM PLANET and a story straight from the shooting script.

Sneak preview raves on NIGHT TIDE tag Curtis Harrington's film a sleeper with sequences that would wake the dead!

END



Vincent Price wants a slice of hero in this harrowing climax of Poe's classic horror tale, THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.



Because FAMOUS MONSTERS is not actually a fiction magazine and a full-length presentation of the story of THE THING would leave very little room for anything else in an issue, we have done the next best thing by carefully editing the masterpiece without sacrificing any of its excitement. You've heard of stories so fascinating one couldn't lay them down and stayed up all night to finish; well, it is a literal fact that the editor, when he started abridging "Who Goes There?" around 9:30 in the evening, worked on it till quarter of 5 the following morning!

Scores of disappointed would-be readers had their money refunded last year when the short supply of out-of-print British printings of THE THING, advertised in our pages was quickly exhausted. You are getting the film-foto version at what collectors were willing to pay $2.50 for!

Science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon promises: "You will be spellbound by its suspense!"

It was a Polymorph — a Thing-of-many Shapes — from Another Planet and it was within its Power to Become EVERYONE ON EARTH! It had to be stopped!

THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD

Part II: Conclusion

LAST ISSUE:

Norris cursed softly. "And every time it digested something, and imitated it—"

"It would have had its original bulk left, to start again," Blair finished. "Nothing would kill it. It has no natural enemies, because it becomes whatever it wants to. Lord, it might become a female eagle. Go back—build a nest and lay eggs!"

"Are you sure that thing from hell is dead?" Dr. Copper asked softly.

"Yes, thank Heaven," the little biologist gasped. "I stood there poking Bar's electrocution thing into it for 5 minutes. It's dead and—cooked."

"Then we can only give thanks that this is Antarctica, where there is not one single solitary living thing for it to imitate, except these animals in camp."

"Us," Blair giggled. "It can imitate *us* There's nothing that can reach the sea from this point—except us We've got brains. We can do it. Don't you see—*it's got to imitate us—it's got to be one of us—that's the only way it can fly an airplane—I fly a plane for two hours, and rule—be—all Earth's inhabitants.* A world for the taking—*if it imitates us!*

"It didn't know yet. It hadn't had a chance to learn. It was rushed—hurried—took the thing nearest its own size. Look—I'm Pandora! I opened the box! And the only hope that can come out s—that nothing can come out You didn't see me I did it. I fixed it. I smashed every magneto. Not a plane can fly Nothing can fly" Blair lay down on the floor crying.

McReady looked speculatively at the doctor. "It might be like an infectious disease. Everything that drank any of its blood—"

Copper shook his head "Blair missed something. Imitate it may, but it has, to a certain extent, its own body chemistry. If it didn't, it would become a dog— and nothing more. It has to be an *imitation* dog. Therefore you can detect it by serum tests."

"Blood—would one of those imitations bleed?" Norris demanded

"Surely. Nothing mystic about blood Muscle is about 90% water; blood differs only in having a couple per cent more water, and less connective tissue They'd bleed all right."



Artist Hannes Bok's Concept of THE THING for the Book Jacket of the Hard Cover Edition (Shasta Publishers).

Blair sat up suddenly "Connant—where's Connant?"

The physicist moved over toward the biologist "Here I am What do you want?"

"Are you?" giggled Blair. He lapsed back into the bunk, contorted with silent laughter

Connant looked at him blankly "Huh? Am I what?"

"*Are* you there?" Blair burst into gales of laughter. "*Are* you Connant? The beast wanted to be *man*—not a dog—"

MISTRUST THY NEIGHBOR

Blair's gurgling laughter had finally quieted. Dr Copper looked toward Garry and shook his head slowly "Hopeless. I'm afraid. I don't think we can ever convince him the thing is dead now"

Norris laughed uncertainly. "I'm not sure you can convince me. Oh, curse you, McReady"

"McReady?" Commander Garry turned to look from Norris to McReady curiously

"The nightmares," Norris explained. "He had a theory about the nightmares we had after finding that thing. That the creature wasn't dead, had a sort of enormously slowed existence, an existence that permitted it, nonetheless, to be vaguely aware of the passing of time, of our coming, after endless years. I had a dream it could imitate things."

"Well," Copper grunted, "it can."

"Don't be a fool," Norris snapped. "That's not what's bothering me. In the dream it could read minds, read thots and ideas and mannerisms."

"What's so bad about that? It seems to be worrying you more than the joy we're going to have with a madman in camp." Copper nodded toward Blair's sleeping form.

McReady shook his head. "You know that Connant is Connant, because he not merely looks like Connant but he thinks like Connant, moves himself around as Connant does. That takes more than merely a body that looks like him; that takes Connant's own mind and thoughts and mannerisms. Therefore, tho you know that the thing might make itself *look* like Connant, you aren't much bothered, because you know it has a mind from another world, a totally unhuman mind, that couldn't possibly react and think and talk like a man we know, and do it so well as to fool us for a moment The idea of the creature imitating one of us is fascinating, but unreal, because it is too completely unhuman to deceive us. It doesn't have a human mind"

"As I said before," Norris repeated, looking steadily at McReady, "you can say the craziest things at the craziest times Will you be so good as to finish that thought—one way or the other?"

"It would do it no good," said Dr. Copper, thinking out loud, "to merely look like something it was trying to imitate; it would have to understand its feelings, its reactions. It *is* unhuman; it has powers of imitation beyond any conception of man. A good actor, by training himself, can imitate another man, another man's mannerisms, well enough to fool most people. Of course, no actor could imitate so perfectly as to deceive men who had been living with the imitated one in the complete lack of privacy of an antarctic camp. That would take a superhuman skill."

"Oh, you've got the bug, too?" Norris cursed softly.

Connant looked about him wildly, his face white. "Will you two shut up?" Connant's voice shook. "What am I? Some kind of a microscopic specimen you're dissecting? Some unpleasant worm you're discussing in the third person?"

McReady said: "Connant, if you're having a bad time, just move over on the other end for a while. You've got one thing we haven't; you know what the answer is. I'll tell you this, right now you're the most feared and respected man in Big Magnet."

"Lord, I wish you could see your eyes," Connant gasped "Stop staring, will you! What are you going to do?"

"Have you any suggestions, Dr. Copper?" Commander Garry asked steadily. "The present situation is impossible."

"Microscopic examination," said the doctor thoughtfully, "would be useless However, serum tests would be definitive. Any animal except man will do. A dog, for instance. But it will take several days, and due to the greater size of the animal, considerable blood Two of us will have to contribute."

"Would I do?" Garry asked

"That will make two," Copper nodded. "I'll get to work on it right away"

"What about Connant in the meantime?" Kinner demanded "I won't cook for him."

"He may be human—" Copper started.

Connant burst out in a flood of curses. "Human! *May* be human, you suffering sawbones! What the devil do you think I am?"

"A monster," Copper snapped sharply. "Now shut up and listen. Until we know, we may reasonably be expected to lock you up. If you are—unhuman—you're a lot more dangerous than poor Blair there, and I'm going to see that he's locked up thoroughly. I expect that his next stage will be a violent desire to kill you, all the dogs, and probably all of us. When he wakes, he will be convinced we're all unhuman, and nothing on the planet will ever change his conviction."

Connant nodded bitterly. "I'm human. Hurry that test."

Commander Garry watched anxiously while Copper began

(*Continued on page 76*)

THE WINNER! THE "THING" REVEALED!



Mr. L. J. PUCCI of Stamford, Conn., wins *FAMOUS MONSTERS'* Contest Check for $25 for being the First to supply us with this Best of the Photos we received of the actual Thing from Another World. Some other readers sent in identical or quite similar photos but in case of tie the Prize went to the earliest entry. So here, at last, because YOU & YOU asked for it, is the best foto that could be found (our Staff Photographer Bob Burns even asked Jim Arness personally) of *THE THING* FROM ANOTHER WORLD.



FACE TO FACE with the Menace from space. The movie's memorable momentary first encounter with the vegetable-man. Remember the shriek?

Our Thanks for Other THING Photos to:

TED WHITE, NYC.

BOB ISSAACSON, Oak Park, Ill.

RON HOFMANN, Chicago, Ill.

KEITH MERVIS, NYC.

TED ROSENBERG, Bronx, NY.

DWAYNE AVERY, Inglewood, Calif.

WALTER E. BARTMAN, Detroit, Mich.

STEVE MARENFELD, Brklyn. NY.

LARRY IVIE, NYC.



CAN FIRE STOP The Thing? In desperation the beleaguered men prepare a "gasoline bath" in an attempt to burn The Thing out of existence.



THE FRIGHTENING ANSWER: No, flames do not effect the otherwordly visitor. Howling, enraged, it escapes into the polar nite—a human torch.



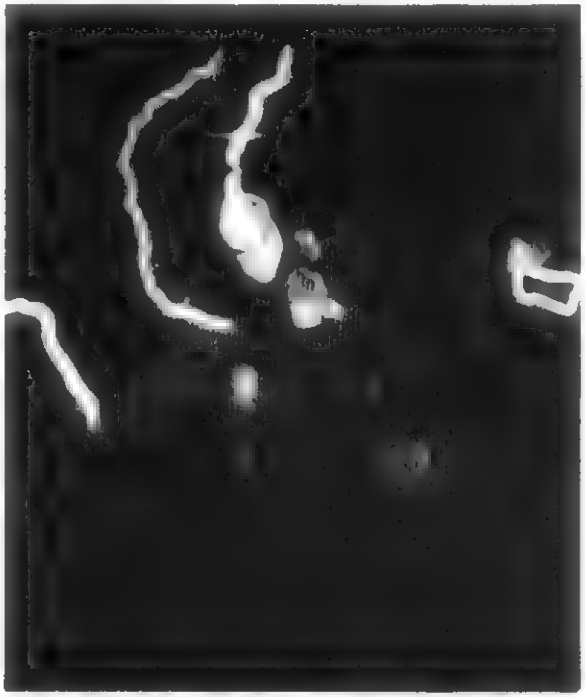
THIS IS IT! The showdown between Man & Monster for mastery of the world. The creature out of the past approaches its enemies.



WARILY THE THING moves forward. The shadow of the single lamp for a second seems to make the bald menace appear almost human. But it's not!



NOW DANGEROUSLY ARMED, The Thing comes closer. With its superhuman strength and that club, it could kill them all. Who will survive?



THE ELECTRICITY WORKS! As huge lightning bolts fly thru the air, The Thing sizzles and fries, shrinks and—dies, now a Thing of nothingness.

 (Continued from page 72)

the injection treatment. The dog was not anxious to co-operate. Five stitches held closed a slash that ran from his shoulder, across the ribs, halfway down his body. One long fang was broken off short; the missing part was to be found half buried in the shoulder bone of the monstrous thing.

"What are we going to do with Blair," Garry asked wearily, "when he wakes up—"

"Barclay and Benning are fitting some bolts on the door of Cosmos House," Copper replied grimly. "Perhaps the way the other men look at Connant makes him rather want privacy. Heretofore we've all prayed for a little privacy."

Clark laughed brittlely. "Not any more, thank you. The more the merrier."

"Blair," Copper went on, "will also have to have privacy—and locks: He's going to have a pretty definite plan in mind when he wakes up. Ever hear the old story of how to stop hoof-and-mouth disease in cattle? Well, if there isn't any hoof-and-mouth disease, there won't be any hoof-and-mouth disease. You get rid of it by killing every animal that exhibits it, and every animal that's been near the diseased animal. Blair's a biologist. He's afraid of this thing we loosed. The answer is probably pretty clear in his mind now Kill everybody and everything in this camp before a bird coming in with the spring chances out this way and catches the disease."

Clark's lips curled in a twisted grin. "Sounds logical to me. If things get too bad—maybe we'd better let Blair get loose. It would save us committing suicide. We might also make something of a vow that if things get bad, we see that that does happen."

Copper laughed softly. "The last man alive in Big Magnet—wouldn't be a man," he pointed out. "Somebody's got to kill those—creatures that don't desire to kill themselves, you know. We don't have enough thermite to do it all at once, and the decanite explosive wouldn't help much. I have an idea that even small pieces of one of those beings would be self-sufficient."



Thru Italian Eyes! This is the way an artist in Italy pictured the 3-eyed Thing

"If," said Garry thotfully, "they can modify their protoplasm at will, won't they simply modify themselves to birds and fly away?"

Copper shook his head. "Knowing the general idea, and knowing the detailed structure of wing and bone and nerve tissue is something far, far different. And as for other-world birds, very probably the atmospheric conditions here are so vastly different that their birds couldn't fly. Perhaps, even, the being came from a planet like Mars with such a thin atmosphere that there were no birds."

Barclay came into the building, said to Garry. "If the muttering Blair's doing now is any sign, he's going to sing away the night hours. And we won't like his song."

"What's he saying?" Copper asked.

"I didn't care to listen much. I gathered that the blasted idiot had all the dreams McReady had, and a few more. He slept beside the thing when we stopped on the trail coming in from Secondary Magnetic, remember. He dreamed the thing was alive, and dreamed more details. He knew it had telepathic powers that were stirring vaguely, and that it could not only read minds but project thots. They weren't dreams, you see. They were stray thots that thing was broadcasting, the way Blair's broadcasting his thots now—a sort of telepathic muttering in its sleep. That's why he knew so much about its powers. I guess you and I, Doc, weren't so sensitive—if you want to believe in telepathy."

"I have to." Copper sighed. "Dr. Rhine of Duke University has shown that it exists, shown that some are much more sensitive than others."

"Well, if you want to learn a lot of details, go listen in on Blair's broadcast. He's driven most of the boys out of the Ad Building."

Garry laughed mirthlessly. "I was thinking of the radio broadcasts. Telling half the world about the wonderful results of our exploration flights, trying to fool men like Byrd and Ellsworth back home there that we're doing something."

Copper nodded gravely. "They'll know something's wrong."

"Just so they don't send 'rescue' expeditions," Garry prayed. "When—if—we're ever ready to come out, we'll have to send word to bring a stock of magnetos."

"And if we don't come out?" asked Barclay. "I was wondering if a nice running account of an eruption or an earthquake via radio—with a swell windup by using a stick of decanite under the microphone—would help. Nothing, of course, will entirely keep people out. One of those swell, melodramatic last-man-alive scenes might make 'em go easy, tho."

Who—Grows There?

Blair moved restlessly around the small shack. His eyes jerked and quivered in vague, fleeting glances at the 4 men with him: Barclay, McReady, Dr. Copper and Benning.

"I don't want anybody coming here. I'll cook my own food," he snapped nervously. "Kinner may be human now, but I don't believe it. I'm not going to eat any food you send me. I want cans. Sealed cans."

"OK, Blair, we'll bring 'em tonight," Barclay promised. "You've got coal, and the fire's started. I'll make a last—" Barclay started forward.

Blair instantly scurried to the farthest corner. "Get out! Keep away from me, you monster!" he shrieked, and tried to claw his way thru the wall of the shack. "Keep away from me—keep away—I won't be absrobed—I won't be—"

Barclay moved back. Dr. Copper shook his head. "Leave him alone, Bar."

The four men let themselves out. Blair immediately dragged something over to the door. Barclay opened the hatch and glanced in, Dr. Copper peering over his shoulder. Blair had moved the heavy bunk against the door.

"Don't know but what the poor man's right," McReady sighed. "If he gets loose, it is his avowed intention to kill each and all of us as quickly as possible, which is something we don't agree with. But we've something on our side of that door that is worse than a homicidal maniac."

McReady continued: "I've been wondering—if Connant were—changed, would he have warned us so soon after the animal escaped? Wouldn't he have waited long enough for it to have a real chance to fix itself?"

"The thing is selfish." Dr. Copper pointed out. "Every part of it is all of it, every part of it is all for itself, I imagine. If Connant were changed, to save his skin, he'd have to—but Connant's feelings aren't changed; they're imitated perfectly, or they're his own. Naturally, the imitation, imitating perfectly Connant's feelings, would do exactly what Connant would do."

"Say, couldn't Connant be given some kind of a test?" Barclay suggested.

Copper shook his head wearily. "Not if it reads minds. You can't plan a trap for it."

"This expedition-of-four idea is going to make life happy." Benning looked at his companions. "Each of us with an eye on the other to make sure he doesn't do something—peculiar. I'm beginning to know what Connant meant by 'I wish you could see your eyes.' Every now and then we all have it, I guess. One of you looks around with a sort of I-wonder-if-the-other-*three*-are look. Incidentally, I'm not excepting myself."

"So far as we know, the animal is dead, with a slight question as to Connant. No other is suspected," McReady stated slowly. "The always-four order is merely a precautionary measure."

"One of Us is a Monster!"

one watched more tensely than Connant. A little sterile glass test tube, half filled with straw-colored fluid. One—2—

3—4—5 drops of the clear solution Dr. Copper had prepared from the drops of blood from Connant's arm. The tube was shaken carefully, then set in a beaker of clear, warm water. Then—little white flecks of precipitation were forming. "Lord," said Connant. He dropped heavily into a bunk, crying like a baby. "Six days—" Connant sobbed, "six days in there—wondering if that test would lie—"

"It couldn't lie," Dr. Copper said. "The dog was human-immune—and the serum reacted."

"He's alright?" Norris gasped. "Then—the animal is dead—dead forever?"

"He is human," Copper spoke definitely, "and the animal is dead."

Kinner burst out laughing hysterically. McReady slapped his face. The cook gulped, mumbling his thanks vaguely. "I was scared. Lord, I was scared—"

Norris laughed brittlely. "You think we weren't, you ape? You think maybe Connant wasn't?"

The Ad Building stirred with excited relief. But Dr. Copper fussed with his tubes. McReady noticed him first, his face whiter than the stuff in the tubes, silent tears slipping down from horror-widened eyes.

McReady felt a cold knife of fear pierce thru his heart and freeze in his breast. Dr. Copper looked up. "Garry," he called hoarsely. "Garry, for God's sake, come here."

Commander Garry walked toward him sharply. Silence clapped down.

"Garry, tissue from the monster precipitates, too. It proves nothing. Nothing but—but the dog was monster immune, too. That *one of the two contributing blood—one of us two*, you and I, Garry—*one of us is a monster!*"



Actor Jolly Jazzbo as "The Thing" during a movie theater promotion.

ALL MONSTERS

"McReady," Garry sighed, "you're in command now. May God help you. I cannot. I may be the one, I know I'm not, but I cannot prove it to you in any way. Dr. Copper's test has broken down. The fact that he showed it was useless, when it was to the advantage of the monster to have that uselessness not known, would seem to prove he was human."

Copper swore. "I know I'm human. I can't prove it, either. One of us two is a liar, for that test cannot lie, and it says one of us is. I gave proof that the test was wrong, which seems to prove I'm human, and now Garry has given that argument which proves me human—which he is the monster should not do. Round and round and—"

Suddenly he was roaring with laughter. "It doesn't have to prove *one* of us is a monster! It doesn't have to prove that at all! Ho ho. If we're *all* monsters it works the same—we're all monsters—Connant and Garry and I—and all of you."

"McReady," the Chief Pilot called softly, "can't you make some kind of test?"

McReady went over to Copper slowly, took the hypodermic from his hand. Garry sat on the bunk edge watching Copper and McReady expressionlessly. "What Copper said is possible." McReady sighed. "Van, will you help here? Thanks." The filled needle jabbed into Copper's thigh. The man's laughter did not stop, but slowly faded into sobs, then sound sleep.

"Dr. Copper," McReady repeated, "could be right. I know I'm human—but, of course, can't prove it. I'll repeat the test for my own information. Any of you others who wish to may do the same."

Two minutes later, McReady held a test tube with white precipitin settling slowly in straw-colored serum. "It reacts to human blood, too, so they aren't both monsters."

"I didn't think they were." Van Wall sighed. "That wouldn't suit the monster, either; we could have destroyed them if we knew. Why hasn't the monster destroyed us, do you suppose?"

McReady snorted. "Elementary, my dear Watson. The monster wants to have life forms available. It cannot animate a dead body, apparently. It is just waiting—waiting until the best opportunities come. We who remain human, it is holding in reserve."

Kinner shuddered violently. "Hey, would I know if I was a monster? Would I know if the monster had already got me? Oh, Lord, I may be a monster already."

"You'd know," McReady answered.

"But we wouldn't." Norris laughed shortly, half hysterically.

McReady looked at the vial of serum remaining. "There's one thing this stuff is good for, at that," he said thoughtfully. "Tests. There's 4 cows and nearly 70 dogs down there. This stuff reacts only to human blood and—monsters."

THEY MELT!

When McReady came back to the Ad Building, Connant exploded suddenly, "What did you do, more immunizing?"

Clark snickered. "Haw! Immune, all right."

"That monster," said Van Wall steadily, "is quite logical. Our immune dog was quite alright, and we drew a little more serum for the tests. But we won't make any more."

"Can't you use one man's blood on another dog?" Norris began.

"There aren't," said McReady softly, "any more dogs. Nor cattle, I might add."

"No more dogs?" Benning sat down slowly.

"They're very nasty when they start changing," Van Wall said precisely. "But slow. That electrocution iron you made up, Barclay, is very fast. There is only one dog left—our immune. The monster left that for us, so we could play with our little test. The rest—" He shrugged.

"The cattle—" gulped Kinner.

"Also. Reacted very nicely. They look very funny when they start melting. The beast hasn't any quick escape when it's tied in dog chains or halters, and it had to be to imitate."

Kinner stood up slowly. His eyes darted around the room, and came to rest horribly quivering on a tin bucket in the galley. Slowly, step by step, he retreated toward the door, his mouth moving soundlessly.

"The milk—" he gasped. "I milked 'em an hour ago—" His voice broke into a scream as he dived thru the door.

Van Wall looked after him for a moment thotfully. "He's probably hopelessly mad," he said at length, "but he might be a monster escaping. Take a blow-torch—in case."

The physical motion of the chase helped them. Three of the other men were quietly being sick. Norris was lying flat on his back in his bunk, his face greenish.

"Mac, how long have the—cows been not-cows—"

McReady shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He went over to the milk bucket. "It tests negatively. Which means either they were cows then, or that, being perfect imitations, they gave perfectly good milk."

Copper stirred restlessly in his sleep and gave a gurgling cross between a snore and a laugh. "Would morphia—a monster—" somebody started to ask.

"Lord knows," McReady shrugged. "It affects every earthly animal I know of."

Connant suddenly raised his head. "Mac! The dogs must have swallowed pieces of the monster, and the pieces destroyed them! The dogs were where the monster resided. I was locked up. Doesn't that prove—"

Van Wall shook his head. "Sorry. Proves nothing about what you are, only proves what you didn't do."

"It doesn't do that," McReady sighed. "We are helpless because we don't know enough, and so jittery we don't think straight. Locked up! Ever watch a white corpuscle of the blood go through the wall of a blood vessel? No? It sticks out a pseudopod. And there it is—on the far side of the wall."

(Continued on page 80)

CREATURE FEATURES

Graveyard Examiner

FINAL

DEAD-LETTER EDITION AUGUST 1961 OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

Well-Known Monster Fan Joins Staff

Hollywood, Karloffornia – Ron Haydock, devoted reader of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, this issue steps up to professional contributor. Ron is the unanimous choice of Publisher Warren, Editor Ackerman and Printer's Devil Jacie Astrachan to manage this noose-paper section of FM. Ron's work with the fanzines Terror (favorite of monster lovers) and Ape (for the swingin' set of tree-agers: Tarzan fans), and Ron's co-editor-



Hades' Man
Newly appointed Feature Editor

Monster Fans Visit Movie Set

Hollywood How lucky can some monster fans be? Last month producer Alex Gordon invited local *FAMOUS MONSTERS* club members Jean Douglas, Ronnie Mordor Gordon Grey, Cathy Byrnes & Chas Scarborough to visit the set of his newest science fiction film, THE UNDERWATER CITY Mr Gordon showed them the various electrifying sets and toured them thru the flying saucer-shaped bathysphere which is featured in the melodrama

During the remainder of the afternoon the 5 fans watched the shooting of underwater scenes and were introduced to Wm Lundigan who is famous as Col McCauley of TV's MEN IN SPACE Later they met Julia Adams, who nearly got hers in one of her earlier fright-flickers when she came face-to-fish with THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

Commenting on the afternoon

MONSTER CONVENTION MONSTROUS SUCCESS!

New York City – Over 30 monster fans crowded into 2 large rooms in the Chesterfield Hotel on March 4, 1961 to participate in the World's First Monster Convention. The fun-filled affair lasted 5 hours. FAMOUS MONSTERS readers from the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania had the opportunity to meet each other face to face as well as get acquainted with the Editor, Publisher and recent cover discovery, Basil Gogos.

Forrest J Ackerman had jetted in that very morning from his home-office in Hollywood, a distance of 3000 miles at altitudes reaching as high as 35,000′ and outside temperature dipping as low as a cool 57° below zero. He brought with him advance stills from ST GEORGE & THE 7 CURSES, a British magazine of fantastic stories which he edited called



Conventioneers saw this subteen skeleton boy in Dial M For Monster

Salerno, President of the Zacherley Fan Club, and Harriett G Kolchak of the Pittsburgh Monster Club.

Publisher James Warren provided cokes, cookies, cakes and ice cream for the occasion and displayed an advance copy of FM No 12 and the first issue of companion magazine SPACEMEN

well-known science fiction writer Kendell Foster Crossen, who under his pen name of Richard Foster wrote the sci-fi pocketbook adventure novel THE REST MUST DIE, which has been sold to the movies.

Popular artist Basil Gogos came in for a large share of praise for his Usher, Phantom and Gorgo covers, which drew

ship of the new amateur periodical for fans of the fantastic, Escape;—all these qualified young Haydock for his new position.

In taking over editorship of the *Graveyard Examiner*, Ron told reporter Larry Byrd "All readers of FM, all Club Members, all monster fans domestic or foreign with news of their local activities; all amateur artists with creepy drawings, anyone in home-made makeups with publishable fotos of themselves, friends of FM with Things to trade and lists of other things Wanted (like horror stills and weird books back issues of FM, etc.)—all these are invited to make their submissions to me" c/o

GRAVEYARD EXAMINER
1426 East Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

spent at the studio, Gordon Grey said, "I certainly did sea a lot!"

Repp-Tilicus Monster Fan



"What do you mean you don't read *GRAVEYARD EXAMINER????!!!* cries monster fan JIM REPP of Genoa, Ill

INSTANT MONSTER



Before



After

Reader LARRY GELLER of Jackson Heights, NY, who says his favorite film is DR. JAY KILL & MR. HYDE, discovered that all it takes is one issue of FM to change his whole outlook on life.

A Book of Weird Tales, fotos of the inside of his home, and other items of interest to the attendees.

Among those present were Suzy Fish, Robert Feinstein, Irving Glassman, John Parnum and Sidney Brown, who all had in common that they were the recipients of prizes as past winners for best contributions to Fang Mail; James V. Taurasi, publisher of Science-Fiction Times, with his avid monster and the fanzine's film reviewer, fan son Jimmy (Dynamite) Jr. Les Mayer, Marie Deitch and filmaker sons Jay Sheridan, Jock Root, Niel Smerin, Roger

Master David Crossen proudly revealed that his father is the



James V. Taurasi Sr. and Jimmy "Dynamite" Taurasi Jr.

oh's and ah's when seen in their original painted form.

Hi-lite of the Monstercon was the showing of a home-made horror film, DIAL M FOR MONSTER a 20 minute production by Kim & Simon Deitch chockful of mystery, mirth, mummies and monstrosities.

Those who might like a memento of the occasion may, for 10c still be able to get a copy of the Monster-Times issued immediately afterward by James Taurasi. Send your thin dime to P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York and request the first copy of "Monster Times."

Dead Letters Department

Some of my friends and I have a fan club for Wm. Castle and we would like to know exactly how many horror films he has made. We think we know all of them, but we're not sure.
RONNIE LINDSEY, FAIRDALE, KY.

To date, Wm. Castle has completed 6 movie-shockers. They are MACABRE, HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, THE TINGLER, 13 GHOSTS, HOMICIDAL and MR. SARDONICUS.

I have always loved a monster film called BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. My father told me that this movie was based on a short story which appeared in some magazine but he doesn't know the title of it or who wrote it. Do you know the name of this story because I would very much like to read it someday. —RAMONA HOLLERBOCHEN, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

The film BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS was taken from a story titled "The Foghorn" which was first published in 1953. The writer of that great tale is none other than the famous author of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, Ray Bradbury!

Clubs For Vampires

All died-in-the-ghoul monster fans can now become active members in 2 vampire clubs.

Bill Obbagy informs *GRAVEYARD EXAMINER* that everyone interested in the late & great BELA LUGOSI can now obtain complete information thru him concerning the only Lugosi fan club in the United States. In addition to receiving fotos, membership certificate and a club card, members will receive the Official Bela Lugosi Fan Club Journal. Write Bill at AMERICAN BELA LUGOSI FAN CLUB, 11816 Forest Ave., Cleveland 20, Ohio. Attention DICK SHEFFIELD!

VAMPIRE, INC. is a club for vampires alone and membership information can be obtained thru D. M. CAMPBELL, 1475 Shakespeare Ave., New York City 52. The club holds regular monthly meetings, so if you are in the New York area you might want to attend. However, membership is open to fans all across the country.

Names Of The Month

Personals from our readers.

Monster fan JOE PILATI, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, NY, is interested in hearing from collectors of humor-satire mags and wishes to inform the fans that his new amateur 'zine SMUDGE is now on sale . . .

Back issues of mad magazines, fotos, stamps, comic books & movie clippings can be obtained thru PERRY BRAINUM, 1575 E. 74 St., New York City 72. Perry also has a club bulletin called THE TRANSYLVANIAN JOURNAL available to fans . . .

END

 (Continued from page 77)

"Oh," said Van Wall unhappily. "The cattle tried to melt down, didn't they? They could have melted down—become just a thread of stuff and leaked under a door to re-collect on the other side. Ropes—no—no, that wouldn't do it. They couldn't live in a sealed tank or—"

"If," said McReady, "you shoot it thru the heart, and it doesn't die, it's a monster. That's the best test I can think of, offhand."

Sudden Death

Quite plainly thru the corridor the men could hear Kinner's voice. Clark beckoned McReady silently. The meteorologist went over to him.

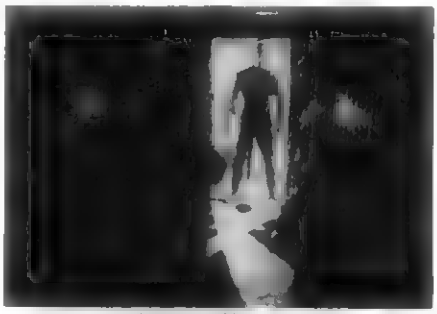
"I don't mind the cooking so much," Clark said nervously, "but isn't there some way to stop that bird?"

"I'm afraid not. I can dope him, I suppose, but we don't have an unlimited supply of morphia, and he's not in danger of losing his mind."

"Well, we're in danger of losing ours. You've been out for an hour and a half. That's been going on steadily ever since, and it was going for 2 hours before. There's a limit, you know."

Garry wandered over, apologetically. For an instant, McReady caught the feral spark of fear—horror—in Clark's eyes, and knew at the same instant it was in his own. Garry—Garry or Copper—was certainly a monster.

"If you could stop that, I think it would be a sound policy, Mac," Garry spoke quietly. "There are—tensions enough in this room. We agreed that it would be safe for Kinner in there, because everyone else in camp is under constant eyeing." Garry shivered slightly. "And try, *try* to find some test that will work."



A sight to chill the blood!

McReady sighed. "Watched or unwatched, everyone's tense. Blair's jammed the trap so it won't open now. Says he's got food enough, and keeps screaming, 'Go away, go away—you're monsters.' So—we went away."

"There's no other test?" Garry pleaded.

McReady shrugged his shoulders. "The serum test could be absolutely definitive if it hadn't been—contaminated."

"Chemicals? Chemical tests?"

McReady shook his head. "Our chemistry isn't that good. I tried the microscope, you know."

Garry nodded. "Monster-dog and real dog were identical. But—you've got to go on. What are we going to do after dinner?"

Van Wall had joined them. "Rotation sleeping. Half the crowd sleep; half stay awake. I wonder how many of us are monsters? All the dogs were. We thought we were safe, but somehow it got Copper—or you. It may have gotten every one of you—all of you but myself may be wondering, looking. No, that's not possible. You'd just spring then. I'd be helpless. We humans must somehow have the greater numbers now. But—" he stopped.

McReady laughed shortly. "It doesn't fight. I don't think it ever fights. It must be a peaceable thing, in its own—inimitable—way. It never had to, because it always gained its end otherwise."

Van Wall's mouth twisted in a sickly grin. "You're suggesting, then, that perhaps it already *has* the greater numbers, but is just waiting—waiting, all of them—all of you, for all I know—waiting till I, the last human, drop my wariness in sleep. Mac, did you notice their eyes, all looking at us?"

Garry sighed. "You haven't been sitting here for 4 straight hours, while all their eyes silently weighed the information that one of us two, Copper or I, is a monster certainly—perhaps both of us."

Clark repeated his request. "Will you stop that bird's noise? Somebody's going to try that test you mentioned, if you don't stop him, I think a cleaver in the head would be as positive a test as a bullet in the heart."

"Go ahead with the food. I'll see what I can do. There may be something in the cabinets."

McReady picked a barbiturate hopefully. Barclay and Van Wall went with him. One man never went anywhere alone in Big Magnet.

McReady stiffened suddenly. Kinner was screeching out a hymn in a hoarse, cracked voice. Van Wall cursed bitterly. "We'll just plumb have to take that till his voice wears out. He can't yell like that forever."

"He's got a brass throat and a cast-iron larynx," Norris declared savagely. "Then we could be hopeful, and suggest he's one of our friends. In that case he could go on renewing his throat till doomsday."

Silence clamped down. For 20 minutes they ate without a word. Then Connant jumped up with an angry violence. "Lord, what expressive eyes you've go. They wink and blink and stare—and whisper things. Can you guys look somewhere else for a change, please?"

"Let's play Classifications," one man suggested slowly. "You draw lines on a piece of paper, and put down classes of things—like animals, you know. One for 'H' and one for 'U' and so on. Like 'Human' and 'Unknown' for instance. Classifications, I sort of figure, is what we need right now. Maybe somebody's got a pencil that he can draw lines with between the 'U' animals and the 'H' animals."

"McReady's trying to find that kind of a pencil," Van Wall answered quietly, "but we've got 3 kinds of animals here, you know. One that begins with 'M.' We don't want any more."

"Mad ones, you mean."

Movies were proposed. While projection arrangements were being made, McReady drifted over toward Van Wall. "I've been wondering, Van," he said, "whether or not to report my ideas in advance. I forgot the 'U animal,' as Caldwell named it, could read minds. I've a vague idea of something that might work. It's too vague to bother with, tho. Go ahead with your show, while I try to figure out the logic of the thing. I'll take this bunk."

Van Wall nodded. The movie screen would be practically on a line with this bunk, hence making the pictures least distracting here, because least intelligible. "Perhaps you should tell us what you have in mind. As it is, only the unknowns know what you plan. You might be—unknown before you got it into operation."

"Won't take long, if I get it figured out right. But I don't want any more all-but-the-test-dog-monsters things. We better move Copper into this bunk directly above me. He won't be watching the screen, either." Garry helped them lift and move the sleeping doctor.

McReady leaned back against the bunk and sank into a trance, almost, of concentration, trying to calculate changes, operations, methods. He was scarcely aware when the screen lit up. Kinner was still praying, shouting, his voice a raucous accompaniment to the mechanical sound.

So long had the voice been going on that only vaguely at first was McReady aware that something seemed missing. Lying as he was, Kinner's voice had reached him fairly clearly, despite the sound accompaniment of the pictures. It struck him abruptly that it had stopped.

Deep silence. "Kinner's stopped."

"For Heaven's sake start that sound, then; he may have stopped to listen," Norris snapped.

McReady went down the corridor. Barclay and Van Wall followed him. The flickers bulged and twisted on the back of Barclay's gray underwear as he crossed the still-functioning beam of the projector.

Norris stood at the door as McReady had asked. Connant

(Continued on page 82)



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walked slowly up and down the room.

McReady appeared at the door.

"We," he announced, "haven't got enough grief here already. Somebody's tried to help us out. Kinner has a knife in his throat.

"Is Blair loose?" someone asked.

"Blair is not loose. Or he flew in. If there's any doubt about where our gentle helper came from—this may clear it up." Van Wall held a foot-long, thin-bladed knife in a cloth. The wooden handle was half-burned, charred with the peculiar pattern of the top of the galley stove.

Clark stared at it. "I did that this afternoon. I forgot it and left it on the stove."

"I wonder," said Benning, "how many more monsters have we? If somebody could slip out of his place, go back of the screen to the galley and then down to the Cosmos House and back—he did come back, didn't he? Yes—everybody's here. Well, if one of the gang could do all that—"

"Maybe a monster did it," Garry suggested quietly.

"The monster, as you pointed out today, has only men left to imitate. Would he decrease his—supply, shall we say?" Van Wall pointed out. "No, we just have a plain, ordinary louse, a murderer to deal with. Ordinarily we'd call him an 'inhuman murderer' I suppose, but we have to distinguish now. We have inhuman murderers, and now we have human murderers. Or one, at least."

"There's one less human," Norris said softly. "Maybe the monsters have the balance of power now."

McReady sighed and turned to Barclay. "Bar, will you get your electric gadget? I'm going to make certain—"

Barclay went to get the pronged electrocutor, while McReady and Van Wall went back toward Cosmos House. Barclay followed them in some 30 seconds.

The corridor to Cosmos House twisted, as did nearly all corridors in Big Magnet, and Norris stood at the entrance again. But they heard, rather muffled, McReady's sudden shout. There was a savage flurry of blows, dull *ch-thunk, shluff* sounds. "Bar—Bar—" And a curious, savage mewing scream, silenced before even quick-moving Norris had reached the bend.

Kinner—or what had been Kinner—lay on the floor, cut half in two by the great knife McReady had had. The meteorologist stood against the wall, the knife dripping red in his hand. Van Wall was stirring vaguely on the floor, moaning, his hand half-consciously rubbing at his jaw.

Kinner's arms had developed a queer, scaly fur, and the flesh had twisted. The fingers had shortened, the hand rounded, the fingernails become 3-inch long things of dull red horn, keened to steel-hard, razor-sharp talons.

McReady raised his head, looked at the knife in his hand and dropped it. "Well, whoever did it can speak up now. He was an inhuman murderer at that— in that he murdered an inhuman. I swear by all that's holy, Kinner was a lifeless corpse on the floor here when we arrived. But when it found we were going to jab it with the power—it changed."

His screaming—his singing. Even the sound projector couldn't drown it." Clark shivered. "It was a monster."

"Oh," said Van Wall in sudden comprehension. "You *were* sitting right next to the door, weren't you? And almost behind the projection screen already."

Clark nodded dumbly. "He—it's quiet now. It's a dead—Mac, your test's no earthly good. It was dead anyway, monster or man, it was dead."

McReady chuckled softly. "Boys, meet Clark, the only one we know is human! Meet Clark, the one who proves he's human by trying to commit murder—and failing. Will the rest of you please refrain from trying to prove you're human for a while? I think we may have another test."

"A test!" Connant snapped joyfully, then his face sagged in disappointment. "I suppose it's another either-way-you-want it."

"No," said McReady steadily. "Come into the Ad Building. Barclay, bring your



A scene repeated by popular demand: Miniature Things!"

electrocutor. And somebody stand with Barclay to make sure he does it. Watch every neighbor, for by the hell these monsters came from, I've got something, and they know it. They're going to get dangerous!"

"What is it?" Garry asked, as they stood again in the main room. "How long will it take?"

"I *know* it will work," McReady said, "and no two ways about it. It depends on a basic quality of the *monsters*, not on us. *'Kinner'* just convinced me."

"This," said Barclay, hefting the wooden handled weapon tipped with its 2 sharp-pointed, charged conductors, "is going to be rather necessary, I take it. Is the power plant assured?"

Dutton nodded sharply.

Dr. Copper stirred vaguely in his bunk. He sat up slowly, blinked his eyes blurred with sleep and drugs, widened with an unutterable horror of drug-ridden nightmares. "Garry," he mumbled, "Garry—listen. Selfish—from hell they came, and hellish shellfish—I mean self— Do I? What do I mean?" He sank back in his bunk and snored softly.

McReady looked at him thotfully. "Selfish is what you mean, alright. You may have thot of that, dreaming there. I didn't stop to think what dreams you might be having." He turned to the men in the cabin, tense, silent men staring with wolfish eyes each at his neighbor. "Selfish, and as Dr. Copper said—*every part is a whole.* Every piece is self-sufficient, an animal in itself.

"That, and one other thing, tell the story. There's nothing mysterious about blood; it's just as normal a body tissue as a piece of muscle or a piece of liver. But it hasn't so much connective tissue, tho it has millions, bilhons of life cells."

McReady continued: "This is satisfying, in a way. I'm pretty sure we humans still outnumber you—others. And we have what your other-world race evidently does not. Not an imitated, but a bred-in-the-bone instinct, a driving, unquenchable fire that's genuine.

"Alright! It's a showdown now. *You* know. You, with your mind-reading. You've lifted the idea from my brain. You can't do a thing about it.

"Standing here—

"Let it pass. Blood is tissue. They have to bleed; if they don't bleed when cut, then by heaven, they're phony from hell! If they bleed—then that blood, separated from them, is an individual—*a newly formed individual in its own right, just as they—split, all of them, from one original —are individuals!*

"Get it, Van? See the answer, Bar?"

Van Wall laughed very softly. "The blood—the blood will not obey. It's a new individual, with all the desire to protect its own life that the original—the main mass from which it was split—has. The *blood* will live—and try to crawl away from a hot needle, say!"

"Dutton," said McReady, "suppose you stand over by the splice there. Just make sure no—thing pulls it loose. Now, Van, suppose you be first on this."

White-faced, Van Wall stepped forward. With a delicate precision, McReady cut a vein in the base of his thumb. A half inch of bright blood collected in the tube.

Van Wall stood motionlessly watching. McReady heated the platinum wire in the alcohol lamp flame, then dipped it into the tube. It hissed softly. Five times he repeated the test. "Human, I'd say." McReady sighed. "As yet, my theory hasn't been actually proven."

"Don't, by the way, get too interested in this. We have with us some unwelcome ones, no doubt. Van, will you relieve Barclay."

Barclay grinned uncertainly; winced under the keen edge of the scalpel. Presently, smiling widely, he retrieved his long-handled weapon.

"Mr. Samuel Dutt—*Bar!*"

The tensity was released in that second. Whatever of hell the monsters may have had within them, the men in that instant matched it. Barclay had no chance to move his weapon, as a score of men poured down on the thing that had seemed Dutton. It mewed and spat and tried to grow fangs—and was a hundred broken, torn pieces. Without knives, or any weapon save the brute-given strength of a staff of picked men, the thing was crushed, rent.

Barclay went over with the electric weapon. Things smoldered and stank. The caustic acid Van Wall dropped on each spilled drop of blood gave off cough-pro-

voking fumes.

"Maybe," McReady said, "I underrated man's abilities when I said nothing human could have the ferocity in the eyes of that thing we found I wish we could have the opportunity to treat in a more befitting manner these things. Something with boiling oil, or melted lead in it, or maybe slow roasting in the power boiler When I think what a man Dutton was—

"Never mind. My theory is confirmed by—by one who knew? Well, Van Wall and Barclay are proven. I think, then, that I'll try to show you what I already know. That I, too, am human." He cut the base of his thumb expertly.

Twenty seconds later he looked up from the desk at the waiting men. There were more grins out there now, yet withal, something else in the eyes.

"Maybe we can save time Connant, would you step for—"

Again Barclay was too slow. There were more grins, less tensity still, when Barclay and Van Wall finished their work

Garry spoke in a low bitter voice. "Connant was one of the finest men we had here—and 5 minutes ago I'd have sworn he was a man. Those damnable things are more than imitation."

And 30 seconds later, Garry's blood shrank from the hot platinum wire, and struggled to escape the tube, struggled as frantically as a suddenly feral, red-eyed, dissolving imitation of Garry struggled to dodge the snake-tongue weapon Barclay advanced at him, white-faced and sweating. The thing in the test tube screamed with a tiny, tinny voice as McReady dropped it into the glowing coal of the galley stove.

McReady turned toward Van Wall at the long table. "Van, we've got to make an expedition to Blair's shack."

Three quarters of an hour to reach the snow-buried shack No smoke came from the little shack, and the men hastened

"Blair!" Barclay roared into the wind when he was still 100 yards away.

"Shut up," said McReady "And hurry. He may be trying a lone hike. If we have to go after him—no planes, the tractors disabled—"

Barclay cautioned him to silence, pointing. A curious, fiercely blue light beat out from the cracks of the shack's door A very low, soft humming sounded inside, and a clink and click of tools, the very sounds somehow bearing a message of frantic haste

McReady's face paled. "Lord help us if that thing has—"

McReady peered thru a crack in the door. His breath sucked in huskily and his great fingers clamped on Barclay's shoulder. "It isn't," he explained very softly, "Blair. It's kneeling-on something on the bunk—something that keeps lifting Whatever it's working on is a thing like a knapsack—and it lifts."

Together Barclay's powerful body and McReady's giant strength struck the door The door flung down from broken hinges.

Like a blue rubber ball, a thing bounced up. One of its 4 tentacle-like arms looped out like a striking snake. In a 7-tentacled hand a 6-inch pencil of winking, shining metal glinted and swung upward to face them. Its line-thin lips twitched back from snake fangs in a grin of hate.

Norris's revolver thundered in the confined space The hate-washed face twitched in agony, the looping tentacle snatched back. The silvery thing in its hand a smashed ruin of metal, the 7-tentacled hand became a mass of mangled flesh oozing greenish-yellow ichor. The revolver thundered 3 times more. Dark holes drilled each of the 3 eyes before Norris hurled the empty weapon against its face.

The huge blowtorch McReady had brought thrust out a blue-white, 3-foot tongue. The thing on the floor shrieked, flailed out blindly with tentacles that writhed and withered in the bubbling wrath of the blowtorch. It crawled and turned on the floor, it shrieked and bobbled madly, but always McReady held the blowtorch on the face, the dead eyes burning



and bubbling uselessly. Frantically the thing crawled and howled.

A tentacle sprouted a savage talon—and crisped in the flame. Steadily McReady moved with a planned, grim campaign. Helpless, maddened, the thing retreated from the grunting torch, the caressing, licking tongue. For a moment it rebelled, squalling in inhuman hatred at the touch of the icy snow. Then it fell back before the charring breath of the torch, the stench of its flesh bathing it. Hopelessly it retreated—on and on across the antarctic snow The bitter wind swept over it, twisting the torch-tongue, vainly it flopped, a trail of oily, stinking smoke bubbling away from it

McReady walked back toward the shack silently Barclay met him at the door "No more?"

Barclay shook his head. "No more. It didn't split."

"It had other things to think about, when I left it, it was a glowing coal. What was it doing?"

Norris laughed shortly "Wise boys, we are. Smash magnetos, so planes won't work Rip the boiler tubing out of the tractors. And leave that thing alone for a week in this shack Alone and undisturbed."

McReady looked in at the shack more carefully. On a table at the far end rested a thing of coiled wires and small magnets, glass tubing and radio tubes. At the center a block of rough stone rested. From the block came the light that flooded the place, the fiercely blue light, bluer than the glare of an electric arc, and from it came the sweetly soft hum. Off to one side was another mechanism of crystal glass, blown with an incredible neatness and delicacy, metal plates and a queer, shimmery sphere of insubstantiality.

"What is that?" McReady moved nearer

Norris grunted. "Leave it for investigation. But I can guess pretty well. That's atomic power That stuff to the left – that's a neat little thing for doing what men have been trying to do with super cyclotrons and so forth."

"Where did he get all oh Of course. A monster couldn't be locked in—or out. He's been thru the apparatus caches" McReady stared at the apparatus. "Lord, what minds that race must have –"

"The shimmery sphere—I think it's pure force."

McReady plucked a thermometer from his coat. "It's 120° in here, despite the open door."

Norris nodded "The light's cold I found that But it gives off heat to warm the place thru that coil. He had all the power in the world. He could keep it warm and pleasant, as his race thot of warmth and pleasantness. Did you notice the light, the color of it?"

McReady nodded. "From a hotter planet that circled a brighter, bluer sun they came."

Barclay laughed softly. "Did you notice what it was working on when we came? Look." He pointed toward the ceiling of the shack.

Like a knapsack made of flattened coffee tins, with dangling cloth straps and leather belts, the mechanism clung to the ceiling. A tiny, glaring heart of supernal flame burned in it, yet burned thru the ceiling's wood without scorching it. Barclay walked over to it, grasped two of the dangling straps in his hands, and pulled it down with an effort. He strapped it about his body. A slight jump carried him in a weirdly slow arc across the room.

"Anti-gravity!" said McReady softly.

"Anti-gravity." Norris nodded. "Yes, we had 'em stopped, with no planes and no birds. The birds hadn't come—but it had coffee tins and radio parts and glass and the machine shop at night. And a week—a whole week—all to itself. America in a single jump—with anti-gravity powered by atomic energy.

"We had 'em stopped. Another half hour—it was just tightening these straps on the device so it could wear it—and we'd have stayed in Antarctica, and shot down any moving thing that came from the rest of the world."

"The albatross—" McReady said softly. "Do you suppose—"

"With this thing almost finished? With that death weapon it held in its hand?

"No, by the grace of God and the margin of half an hour, we keep our world, and the planets of the system, too. Anti-gravity, you know, and controlled atomic power. Because *They* came from another bluer sun, *a star beyond the stars!*"

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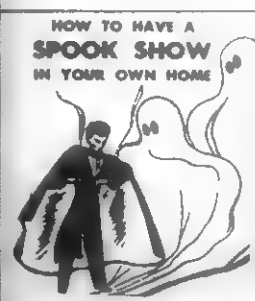
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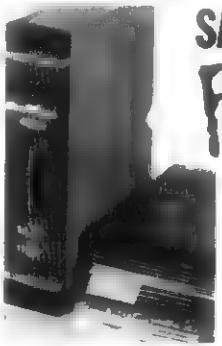
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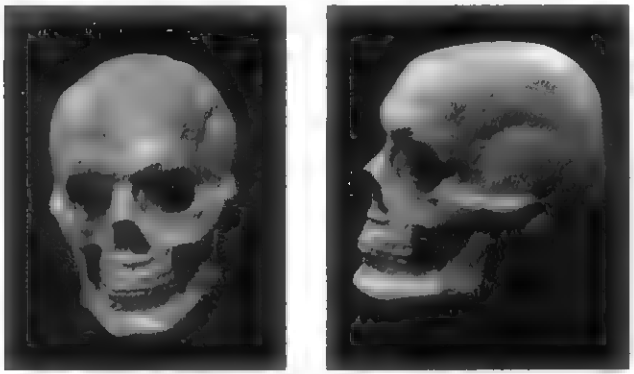




Now you can obtain 16 photos (size 2 x 2¼) of your favorite monsters for only 50c. This set contains photos of FRANKENSTEIN as portrayed by stars, Boris Karloff, Glenn Strange, Lon Chaney, Jr. and Christopher Lee. Also, Bela Lugosi as DRACULA, Lon Chaney, Sr. as the HUNCHBACK and PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, Boris Karloff as he appeared in the RAVEN and Tom Tyler as the MUMMY, Lon Chaney, Jr. as the WOLFMAN and as the MUMMY. SEND YOUR ORDERS TO:

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. MO-13, Box 6573, Philadelphia 38, Penna.

MAD DOCTOR HUMAN SKULL



Realistic Plastic Replica of Real Skull Is Perfect For Desk, Den, Bookshelf — Or For Scaring Life Out of Friends & Relatives

No true Monster-Lover can afford to be without this perfect symbol of ghoulish monsterdom—a bone-colored, leering human skull (ugh!)

Here's your chance to become the most popular kid in school; just place this SKULL on your desk when teacher isn't looking. Great fun explaining to mother what happened after you're kicked out of school!

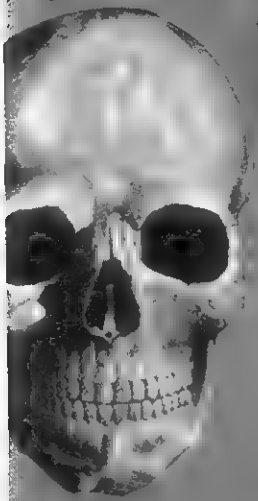
SKULL is excellent decorative piece; place candle on top of head—let wax drip down onto face for eerie effect. Constructed in one piece of tough, unbreakable white plastic. Looks like the real thing. Only $1.25 plus 25c postage & handling.

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BOX 6573 PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.

Every Monster-Lover Will Want This Life-Size Skull . . . Looks Like The Real Thing!

MOVABLE SUPER DELUXE

THINKING MAN



HUMAN SKULL

Three years of research went into the production of this Super skull model — complete with REMOVABLE SKULL CAP for demonstration, SPRING ACTION LOWER JAW that actually moves, complete with ceramic TEETH. Constructed of unbreakable bone-hard, flesh-colored SUPERLON. Magnificent detail. Includes special DISPLAY STAND instructions and anatomy chart. Special for readers of FAMOUS MONSTERS who want an absolutely PERFECT REPLICA of a moving skull! Complete with stand, etc., $4.98. Add 50¢ for postage and handling. Money-back guarantee.

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WITH EVERY **ZACHERLEY** 33⅓ RPM **ALBUM**



AT LAST! HERE IS ZACHERLEY — TV'S No. 1 HORROR MAN — WITH A WHOLE LP FULL OF KOOKIE-SPOOKIE SONGS TO MAKE YOU SHIVER, DANCE AND LAUGH! PERFECT FOR MIDNIGHT SPOOK PARTIES! 11 HORRIFIC SONGS —

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FOR SHOWING IN YOUR OWN HOME!

A COMPLETE COLLECTION of HORROR & MONSTER MOVIES

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN



Boris Karloff as The Frankenstein Monster and Elsa Lanchester as his Bride-To-Be. The Frankenstein monster was bad enough, but the Bride now appears as a 7-foot tall horror, wrapped in gauze, ragged stitches scarring her neck!

THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON



In the Amazon jungle a living creature from 150 million years ago threatens a party of archaeologists. See the furious spear-gun battle to capture it in the Black Lagoon.

ATTILA THE BARBARIAN



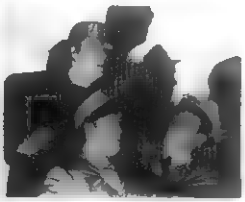
JACK PALANCE is magnificent as the famous ATTILA the Hun in this smashing, adventure-packed saga of the barbarian chief. Film shows some of the most thrilling fights ever staged; real sword-swinging action!

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE



A space ship falters in flight and spins to earth with its mysterious monster visitors. A brave scientist battles against time to send the unearthly monsters back to outer space.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN



Dracula, The Wolf Man, and even The Invisible Man join forces in this comedy shocker! Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brain" for the monster.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS



Gigantic PREHISTORIC DINOSAURS are shown in a battle to the death as cavemen watch, terrified. The prehistoric days come alive again as the unearthly monsters engage each other in battle.

☐ I want the 8 mm BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
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☐ I want the 8 mm BATTLE OF THE GIANTS. Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25c for handling.
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KILLER GORILLA on film



COMPLETE EDITION
8mm (160 feet) or 16mm (320 feet)
SEE IT IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Now you can own and show this COMPLETE film right in your own home! Truly a classic of the motion picture screen —see the daring capture of the savage bloodthirsty gorilla, actually captured and photographed on safari in darkest Africa—in one of the screen's most breath-taking scenes! Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

WAR OF THE PLANETS

Complete Edition — 8mm
160 feet; 16mm - 320 feet



Desperate men from a strange universe kidnap a noted scientist to help stem the unearthly furies of an outlaw planet. A powerful barrage of exploding missiles follows his remarkable escape. Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

Complete Edition — 8mm
160 feet; 16mm - 320 feet



A runaway rocket ship, flying saucers and beauties of Venus drive Abbott and Costello along a riotous orbit of dizzy fun for some hilarious maneuvering in outer space! Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

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 Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25¢ for handling.
- ☐ I want the 8 mm WAR OF THE PLANETS.
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 Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25¢ for handling.
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 Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25¢ for handling.
- ☐ I want the 16 mm A & C IN ROCKET AND ROLL.
 Enclosed is $10.75 plus 25¢ for handling.

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Pictured above is a mighty sad monster. He, along with a few uninformed others, has not yet made the big move to join the Biggest Club in Monsterdom

There's only one way to make the Monster Scene, Big Daddy, and that's to do what thousands of joyous, screaming readers have already done . .

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You'll be walking on air, flying in the clouds, when you receive your MONSTER MEMBERSHIP CARD . . . CLUB CERTIFICATE . . . OFFICIAL BADGE . . . FREE AD . . . and next issue we're publishing an up-to-date membership list of all new members. So join NOW and see your name in print!

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WITH A POWERFUL, MINIATURE

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE BROADCASTER

● TALK FROM ROOM TO ROOM ● TALK FROM ONE CAR TO ANOTHER ● TALK THRU YOUR PORTABLE RADIO ● NO WIRES TO ATTACH ● READY TO USE

Broadcast your own spooky voice on the radio ANY radio with this tiny 3 inch trans-istor battery operated broadcaster! Ready to use complete with battery, no wires to attach anywhere Just press button and hear your own voice in your home car or portable radio Quality built in microphone and telescopic aerial gives excellent sound enables you to use your house radios as an intercom system instantly One year guarantee Only $9.95 Add 50¢ postage and handling

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FRANKENSTEIN KEY CHAIN

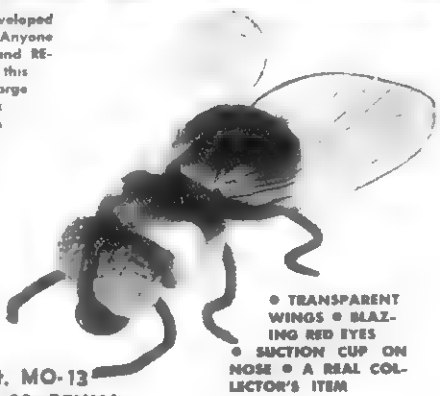
Genuine Gold-Plate, Custom-Made Key Chain & Frankenstein Head

Created and styled exclusively for FAMOUS MONSTERS, this terrific combination KEY CHAIN and FRANKENSTEIN HEAD will automatically become your favorite good-luck piece The gleaming golden Frankenstein head contains every detail of the hideous monster himself—down to the bolts in the neck. Will amaze everyone! Attached to handsome, sturdy carry-all key chain with extra strong lock to protect all keys Price includes packaging, shipping, postage and taxes, only $2.00 Order today!

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OWN A GIANT FLY STICKS ON WALL • FULL COLOR OVER 8 INCHES LONG

This fibre-composition FLY was developed especially for FAMOUS MONSTERS. Anyone who thrilled to the movie THE FLY and RETURN OF THE FLY will want to own this realistic 8" model of an actual FLY Large red eyes, green body, flexible black legs and transparent wings with black veins make this the most remarkable insect blow-up ever produced! A real COLLECTOR'S ITEM, the FLY has a rubber suction-cup on its nose — enabling you to stick it on any surface Put it on the wall and watch the fun when someone discovers it! Place him on your shoulder and walk into a room full of people! Like having your own private monster! Full price only $2.00 Add 25c for postage & shipping charges



● TRANSPARENT WINGS ● BLAZING RED EYES ● SUCTION CUP ON NOSE ● A REAL COLLECTOR'S ITEM

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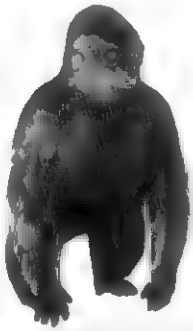
LOOK! BUILD THESE GIANT MODELS



GORILLA SKELETON



GORILLA WITH SKIN COVERING



PAINTED GORILLA

from SKELETON to SKIN COVERING to PAINTING!

An entirely new idea in model making! Now you can build authentic monster models yourself with this complete kit. Contains moulded plastic parts, skeleton assembly, SKELATURA skin cloth, paints and all necessary accessories to create this fantastic giant. For the first time you can actually create this "monster" from the skeleton itself right up to the finished 'skin' and the final painting. Two models available: GARGANTUAN GORILLA and TYRANNOSAURUS REX. Each complete set is only $4.95 plus 25c postage & handling.



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This spectacular prehistoric model is over 22 inches long and 20 inches tall. You, yourself, build this giant monster model from the inside out. Complete with historical instruction booklet.

TRUE TO LIFE MONSTER MODELS

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NOW ON FILM — AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

ANOTHER FAMOUS MONSTERS EXCLUSIVE

COLLECTOR'S ITEM EARLY SILENT VERSION OF

JEKYLL AND HYDE

One of the most startling scenes ever produced during the early days of silent films was the magnificient change accomplished by SHELDON LEWIS as he underwent the eerie transformation from DR. JEKYLL to the frightening MR. HYDE. Truly a superb Collectors Item, this grotesque dramatic scene is now available on either 8 or 16 mm film strip—brought to you through the efforts of FAMOUS MONSTERS. Every collector and horror film fan will want to own this thrilling role of rare film!

8mm $4.95

16mm $6.25

YOUR CHOICE OF THRILLING FILM

50 FEET 8mm

or

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NOW ON FILM — AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

THE MOST FRIGHTENING HORROR MOVIE SCENE EVER MADE!

LON CHANEY IN THE ORIGINAL "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

The original Lon Chaney's performance in the movie PHANTOM OF THE OPERA is ranked as one of the best classics of the silent films. Now—for the first time anywhere—you can show in your own home the famous 100 feet of film depicting the thrilling 'Unmasking Scene' that takes place when Mary Philbin rips the mask from the Phantom's face in the underground dungeon beneath the opera house! Exposed for the first time is the hideous, grotesque face of the Phantom -played by Lon Chaney, wearing the masterpiece of makeup he created just for this picture! Every collector and horror fan will want to own this thrilling role of film - available in either 8mm or 16mm your choice!

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16mm $5.95

YOUR CHOICE OF THRILLING FILM

50 FEET 8mm

or

100 FEET 16mm

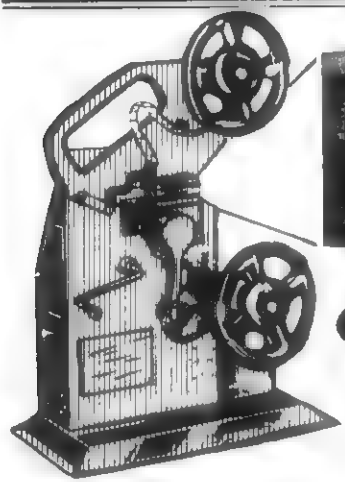
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Rush my PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film to me by return mail. I enclose $4.95 for 8MM, or $5.95 for 16MM, plus 25¢ postage and shipping charges.
I want the following film size ☐ 8MM ☐ 16MM (please indicate)

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PROJECTS ON ANY CLEAR SURFACE

COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDES:
Battery Powered, Hand-Driven 8mm Projector that projects Movies in Action —Two Standard Flashlight Batteries—25 Feet of Movie Film Subject—Lithographed Fibre-Board Table Top Screen With Attached Easel Stand.

SHOW MOVIES AT HOME!

8mm HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR

- ★ Sturdy All Steel Construction
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- ★ Powered by Standard Flashlight Batteries
- ★ Projects Both Color and Black & White Film

Here's a precision motor picture projector that will show color or black and white films right in your own home! Sturdy, not a toy, completely portable for showing anywhere in or out of the house. Reel holds 200 feet of any 8mm film (like the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film shown in above ad). No plugs or connections to bother with—runs on inexpensive flashlight batteries. Projects real pictures on any surface. Show home movies to friends, at parties, etc. Perfect entertainment! Guaranteed in full

Only . . $6.95

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Yessiree, Pardners—get yoreself a copy of this here new magazine called WILDEST WESTERNS (formally called Favorite Westerns). You're a'gonna plumb flip yore lid at some of the wildest carryings-on and the wildest western action and rare photos you ever did see! Send for one or all of the 6 issues you've missed (see below)



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For years now we've ignored the thousands of requests for FM T-SHIRTS, but we can't fight the world forever. Now at last you can own your own fine quality white cotton washable T-shirt featuring the FAMOUS MONSTERS insignia. Be the first in your neighborhood to create riots this summer with your FAMOUS MONSTERS T-SHIRT.

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LOOK! OUR OWN LITTLE MONSTERS



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These funny and frightening LITTLE MONSTERS are impossible to resist! Each ceramic creation is brilliantly painted & sports a furry head of hilarious hair. The mere sight of one or all is enough to cause convulsions. Perfect for bedroom dresser or game room. They're a riot!

Each LITTLE MONSTER is only $1.00 plus 30c postage & handling. Order all four MONSTERS for only $3.75 plus 50c postage & handling. Specify by number if ordering less than four. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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PACKAGE #1



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LISTEN IF YOU DARE



NIGHTMARE, ANYONE? You've heard of records in a humorous vein ... well this one can only be called HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the stories of the old master of horror himself Edgar Allan Poe. THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM is tough enough on your nerves but wait until your hear THE TELL TALE HEART ... one of Poe's best and most terrorizing stories. Long Play Album. Only $1.98.



Monster fans will love some of this great man's funniest acts. All of his latest and greatest sound effects are here: The Flying Saucer Lands, A Western, A Football Game, Airline Pilots, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Hood, Super Service Station and Marine Corps. Only $4.98.

USE THIS HANDY COUPON TO ORDER YOUR LONG-PLAYING ALBUMS!

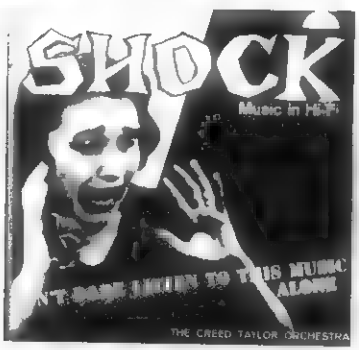
NOW YOU CAN HEAR YOUR FAVORITE MONSTERS!



Actual Sound Track Album of Great Horror Movies — Original Music & Sound Effects (Long Play—33⅓ RPM)

Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures. HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN • HORROR OF DRACULA • SON OF DRACULA • CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON • REVENGE OF THE CREATURE • THIS ISLAND EARTH • THE MOLE PEOPLE • THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US • THE DEADLY MANTIS • IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE • TARANTULA • THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN •

At last FAMOUS MONSTERS makes available the famous music the eerie themes and frightening sound effects from the latest favorite horror films The idea of listening to this music in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits! Put the lights out and have your blood curdled by the sound of Dracula's voice! Feel the walls of the HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN actually close in on you! The most nightmarish music ever heard outside of a movie theater! Yours for only $3.98.



Weird music & chilling sound effects created for 12 different frightening scenes. HAUNTED HOUSE—groans, rattles & unknown sounds, SPELLBOUND—supernatural theme music, HEARTBEAT, JUNGLE FEVER, THE LONG WALK and others calculated to SHOCK! Long Play Album Only $3.98.



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A wild SPIKE JONES album featuring DRACULA, VAMPIRA & THE MAD DOCTOR, In TEENAGE BRAIN SURGEON, MONSTER MOVIE BALL, FRANKENSTEIN'S LAMENT, POISEN TO POISEN, THIS IS YOUR DEATH, MY OLD FLAME, plus others specially recorded to drive you mad with ghoulish laughter. Long Play Album. Only $3.98.

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ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS



Zacherley's own choice of short stories featuring a brew of ghouls, vampires, ghosts & creatures as horrible as you would want to meet with special cheering notes on each from old Zach himself

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Once again ZACHERLEY dares to present a magnificent concoction of superior horror stories. This selection will chill, edify delight and paralyze — spicing them (as Zacherley always does) with ghoulish humor, the result is sheer mayhem. An excellent collectors item!

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Invisibility is an idea which has enchanted mankind for ages—and is the perfect blueprint for exciting horror. No wonder that some of the finest writers have written on this theme! Among the very best are stories in this paperback.

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Have you ever considered making a deal with the devil to gain your most eager desires? And yet not finally have to pay the score? Here is a collection of 12 terrifying tales about those who did — and those who succeeded.

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A tale of the danger of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales. Sarban. Don't miss this

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Another great modern horror story by Theodore Sturgeon one of the most exciting authors of the terrible tale. Here is a short horror novel that reaches a haunting intensity. A brilliant novel of modern times that will play fantastic tricks with your imagination. The best from the master of fantasy!

NIGHT RIDE



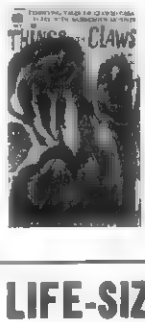
Don't play night with night ride. Get them out of your system. Read these stories one, two, three or more at a time according to individual requirements. Some may need just one high pitched musical scream for others it may take four or five deep gravelly growls to banish troubled sleep

THE OTHER PASSENGER



Selected short stories calculated to catch the blood like the hero of The Other Passenger, you suddenly feel behind the door you are trying to read, and the eyes something waiting, waiting for you. The bristles on the back of your neck send a shiver running down your spine

THINGS WITH CLAWS



Here's one we could not put down until the last page was read! An absolutely fascinating collection of stories having to do with clawed creatures with murderous motives. Truly terrifying tales of worlds we dream about but would not want to visit and the creatures that inhabit these dream worlds

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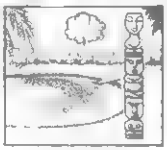
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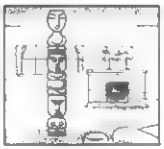
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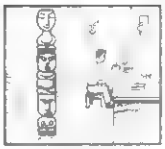
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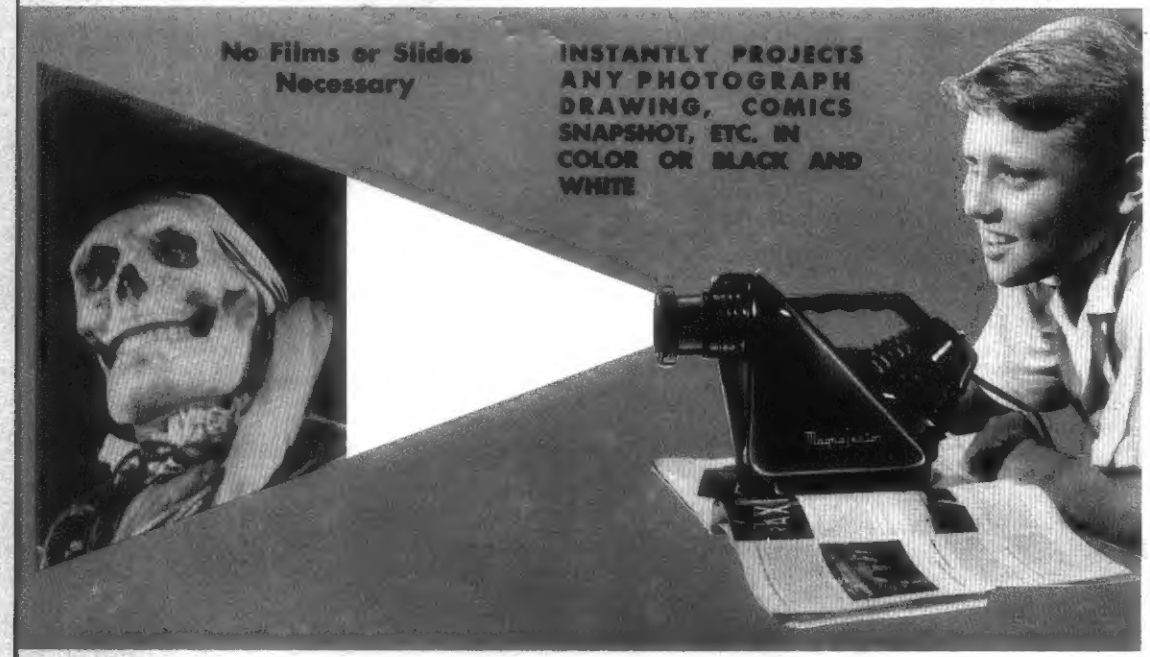
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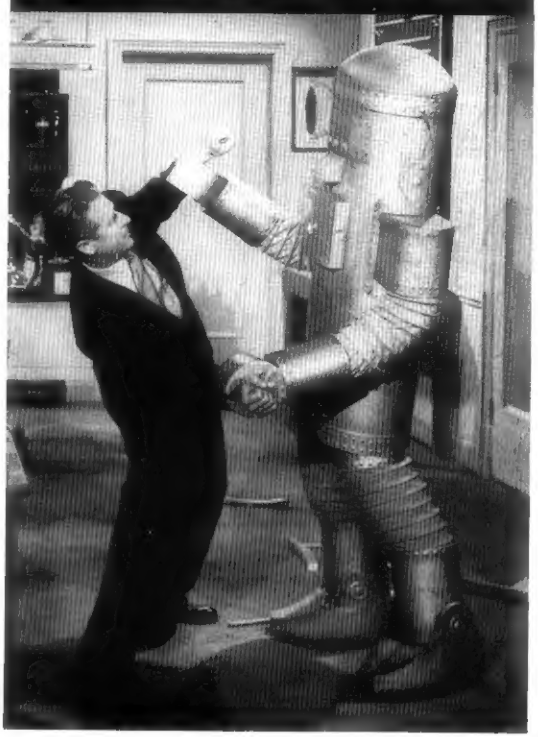
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